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THE TREATY AND THE CONGRESS.

THE Preliminaries of Peace, which are now at last officially announced, correspond with the statements which had been published some time ago. With the greater part of the provisions the English Government will probably not be disposed to interfere. The boundaries of the Russian dependency established in Bulgaria concern Austria more nearly than England, and it would be a waste of labour to inquire whether the extension of Montenegrin territory is excessive. It seems that no security is given for the protection of the Mahometan inhabitants of Bulgaria, who will probably be exposed to the revenge and cupidity of their Christian neighbours. In all probability the secret arrangements between Russia and Turkey affect English interests more nearly than the disposition of the territory conquered in war and in negotiation. It is difficult to explain the very title of the treaty, which is described as Preliminaries of Peace; but further information may perhaps show that the phrase is consistent with diplomatic usage. The extension of Russian dominion is greatly to be regretted; but it could only have been prevented by a departure from neutrality. When the Duke of ARGYLL unnecessarily says that Russia has a right to attain the objects for which war was undertaken, he seems to confuse moral and legal right with the power to assert a claim.

Lord DERBY's proposal that Greece should be represented at the Congress will perhaps be chiefly valuable as an expression of good will, and as an indication of the future policy of England. The meeting of the Congress is still doubtful, nor had Prince BISMARCK, three or four days ago, issued the formal invitations to the different Courts. Even if the Eastern question becomes a subject of peaceful discussion, the concessions which may be made to Greece will perhaps disappoint sanguine patriots. It cannot be the intention of the English Government either to encourage a petty war or to share in the further dismemberment of Turkey. In the late correspondence with the Government of Athens it was understood on both sides that no attempt would for the present be made to extend the frontiers of the kingdom. In deference to English remonstrances, the Greek Government recalled the troops which had crossed the frontier, although it has been unable, and possibly unwilling, to persuade volunteers from Greece to withdraw their aid from the insurrection. The conflict which is now waged in the border provinces may probably cause serious complications. If, indeed, the insurgents could drive the Turkish forces out of the country, they might perhaps be allowed, like the Servians and Montenegrins, to retain the fruits of their victory; but, notwithstanding the constant accounts of successful skirmishes, the Turks, in default of foreign intervention, must almost certainly prevail in the end. The remnant of the armies which fought against Russia is still considerable enough to be more than a match for scanty bands of ill-armed mountaineers. The Russians will probably offer no impediment to the operations of a Government which may perhaps be now united to their own by a close alliance. The Turkish fleet commands the coast, and the Government of Greece, notwithstanding its natural sympathies, will scarcely forfeit the friendship of England and Austria by open participation in the war. It was proper that the kingdom of

Greece should undertake the task of watching the interests of the kindred population which lives under Turkish dominion. The Greeks of Epirus and Thessaly are as much entitled as any other Christian subjects of Turkey to the privileges which were claimed before the war for Bulgarians or Bosnians. Unfortunately it is difficult to provide effectually for the good government of provinces which are engaged in armed rebellion; but, if the Congress meets, England will support any reasonable representation which may be made by the Government of Athens in favour of the Greeks who live beyond the frontier of the kingdom.

It is still doubtful whether Russia will consent to the condition without which the English Government cannot enter the Congress. The submission to the plenipotentiaries of all the provisions of the treaty of peace will be a mere recognition of the validity of the Treaty of Paris. It is not disputed that circumstances have rendered necessary a revision of some parts of the arrangement of 1856; but international obligations can only be altered by the consent of parties. The war may perhaps have abolished previous compacts between Russia and Turkey; but the neutral Powers still retain all the rights which were created in 1856 and confirmed with definite modifications in 1871. The solemn affirmation of the binding nature of treaties is almost as important as the special arrangements which will be made by a Congress, if it meets. There is too much reason to fear that the Russian Government is bent on abolishing the Treaty of Paris, not merely through impatience of the restraints which it imposes, but as a record of defeat. A Russian writer insolently announces that Bessarabia must be recovered because it was taken from Russia by England and France. It is easy to understand that a peace extorted by arms may be unpalatable to the defeated belligerent, although the terms of the Treaty of Paris were extraordinarily mild. There was then no question of payment of the costs of the war; nor was any territory taken from Russia, except a narrow district which commanded some of the mouths of the Danube. If wars are ever to cease, they must end in treaties; and it is a monstrous pretension to denounce them as liable to become invalid as soon as the loser has recruited his strength. As long as the preservation of the balance of power rendered the partial enforcement of international law practicable, treaties were regarded with at least ostensible respect. When portions of the Treaty of Vienna were from time to time superseded, elaborate excuses were made for violations of the European compact. Thirty or forty years ago the Treaty of Utrecht was sometimes cited in diplomatic controversies as if it had still retained validity and vigour.

The difference of opinion between England and Russia will not be removed by arguments founded on international law. It seems clear to almost all Englishmen that all the provisions of the Treaty of Paris are still formally valid, and that they can only be altered with the unanimous consent of all the Great Powers. On the other hand, the Russian Government feels or affects irritation at the demand that all the results of its arms and its diplomacy should still be regarded as provisional. It is nearly certain that some of the Russian claims, as, for instance, the demand for the recovery of Bessarabia, will not be admitted by England or by Austria. The Powers will perhaps acknowledge their incompetence to supervise the extortionate demand of 30,000,000*l.* or its equivalent in land from a

defeated and insolvent adversary; yet no article of the supposed terms of peace is more objectionable. One of the objects of the demand is to maintain the dependence of Turkey on Russia; and it may perhaps appear that it will be used as the foundation of a future claim to revenues which already belong to the Turkish bondholders. The special mortgage on the Egyptian tribute has been withdrawn or disavowed; but Russia may hereafter cause trouble in the character of a simple contract creditor. If it were possible to know whether Russia really desires that the Congress should meet, an answer might be given to the inquiry whether the pending controversy is likely to end in agreement. If Prince GORTCHAKOFF thinks that the acquisitions of his Government will be more secure when they have received the sanction of Europe, no unseasonable obstinacy will prevent the accomplishment of his wishes. In the meantime a Russian army holds Constantinople at its mercy, and strong positions have been occupied on the Bosphorus and the Black Sea. Prince BISMARCK'S proverb as to the beatitude of those who have inherited the earth is still applicable to the conqueror of Turkey. It is yet doubtful whether Count ANDRASSY meditates any opposition to Russian policy. His latest speech at Pesth seemed to indicate a return to the inactive neutrality which has hitherto been observed by Austria. Sanguine Russian politicians still assert that an understanding exists for an Austrian occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and Russia would offer no objection to the arrangement. If the speech is correctly reported, Count ANDRASSY inclines rather to the Russian than to the English interpretation of the functions and powers of Congress; but perhaps his own policy is hampered by the Russian sympathies of the Court and the army. It is possible that diplomatic communications may have been more explicit than public and Parliamentary declarations.

Peace is more seriously threatened by the movements of the Russian armies near Constantinople than by the possible Congress or by the delay in the preliminary negotiations. It will be easy for the Russian generals either to avert or to precipitate a fatal collision. Yet the chances of peace have been greatly increased by the approximate unanimity of all considerable political sections in England. The all but treasonable baseness of an obscure Club calling itself the Eastern Question Association will not mislead the EMPEROR or his Minister. It might have seemed impossible that a handful of Englishmen should in present circumstances present an address requesting the Russian Government to extend as far as possible the limits of Bulgaria; but faction and philanthropy will account for almost any amount of perversity. The same fanatics probably applaud the calculated delay in the publication of the terms of peace; yet the reasons for the prolonged and deliberate mystery which is now at last dispelled are not easily understood. The English Government probably anticipated the possibility of a new surprise; and, although the versions of the treaty which had been previously published were substantially correct, there may still be secrets not divulged in the text of the document. The dispute between England and Russia seems to reduce itself to the issue whether on some material questions the members of the Congress shall be bound by the decision of a majority. The Russian Government admits that a plenipotentiary may propose the consideration of any article of the treaty; but, if the demand were rejected, it would seem to be implied that the question would be excluded from discussion. If the treaty is submitted as a whole to the Congress, every provision will be necessarily subject to examination; but neither Russia nor the other Powers will be pledged to submit to the results of a simple vote.

THE INDIAN PRESS BILL.

THE House of Commons has been easily persuaded not to engage in any discussion of the Indian Press Bill before it has an opportunity of knowing precisely what the Bill is and why it was passed. The Indian Government seems to have been aware that it was taking a serious step in passing such a law, and passing it in so rapid and startling a manner. A system under which the native press has been carried on for nearly half a century, with the exception of a brief period during the crisis of the Mutiny, was swept away by a Bill which was announced, discussed, and made into law in a single sitting of the

Council. The plea for the measure itself, and that for the mode in which it was passed, is the same. The State is said to be in danger through the license of the native press, and to avert this danger a sharp, swift stroke was thought necessary. At present even Lord SALISBURY does not appear to know what the provisions of the Bill really are, or to be in possession of the evidence of pressing and serious danger on which the Indian Government must be supposed to have acted. If the SECRETARY of STATE has not yet had an opportunity of forming an opinion on the Bill and on the manner in which it was passed, no one else in England can pretend to have any clear opinion about the matter. Perhaps Lord SALISBURY may disapprove the Bill, or he may wish that its operation should be temporary. Perhaps, although he does not think it wise that the Bill should have been passed, he may think that to throw over his VICEROY would be a worse evil than to let the Bill be valid, while he limits by discreet instructions its practical application. Possibly he may think the Bill a really good and necessary measure, and in that case the fact of his approving it will furnish a strong presumption that no discussion will show a balance of argument against the measure. What is known is only that for the future, in every part of India except Madras, any district magistrate may, with the consent of his superiors, call on any publisher of a native paper to give a bond that his paper shall not henceforward contain any objectionable matter, unless, on being thus called on, he prefers to submit every article to an official censor before its publication. We do not as yet know who is to judge whether the bond shall be enforced, or whether the publisher is to have any means of contesting the point whether the matter alleged to be objectionable can be fairly called so. Subject to further explanations on these heads, the Bill certainly seems a very strong measure. It places the native press entirely at the mercy of the Government; and it would seem, from the summary of the speeches made in the VICEROY'S Council, that nothing less was intended. That the natives should freely print their opinions on current politics is declared to be incompatible with the existence or safety of British rule.

As Mr. BOURKE pointed out in the House of Commons, the Indian Code attaches very severe penalties to the printing of seditious or grossly libellous matter; and, if it were this kind of press offences against which the Government thought it necessary to guard, it has already in its hands a very efficient weapon. But the present object of the Government is very different from any which merely punitive measures would enable it to accomplish. If we look at the extracts from the native press given as illustrations of the necessity for the new measure, we find that they for the most part consist of the sort of criticisms which are every day published in England about India or topics connected with India. These extracts, for example, tell us that Englishmen are often overbearing towards natives; and this is a criticism in which the writers have been anticipated by the PRINCE of WALES and Lord SALISBURY. Or they tell us that the prestige of England has been ruined by the successes of Russia; and this is a criticism which is served to us regularly every morning and every evening. Or they deplore that there is no justice in India, or that India is ground down by taxation; and nothing can be more common than to hear in England opinions to the effect that the English Courts, through the reduction of the vague and floating Indian customary law to a fixed and rigid system, are constantly making justice miscarry, or that India has now been taxed to the last farthing it can bear. There are indeed some foolish assertions in the extracts, such as that education and medicine were better cared for by native rulers than they are now by the English; and there are grotesque pieces of false news, such as that NANA SAHIB was on his way with a Russian army to restore a Mahratta dynasty. But the general run of the objectionable matter disclosed in these extracts is only objectionable in the sense that, although a Government would not in the least mind it if published by friends, it does not like it when printed by those whom it regards as more or less like enemies. We are told that native papers are also apt to use language which gives pain to district officials, or to natives of high position; and what the Government wishes is to avoid the possibility henceforth of pain being given by native journalists to itself, or its subordinates, or friends. It has determined that, if the natives have any papers of their own, they shall be papers which are written in a nice, mild, comfortable style, such as can give no offence to any official or eminent person.

In one way, as Mr. BOURKE said, this Bill seems mild by the side of the Indian Code; and of course, if the Government takes care that nothing it considers at all objectionable shall be printed, no publisher can have to suffer severe penalties for printing that which will not get into print at all. A censorship is always in this way milder than a law punishing press offences when committed. A Bill prohibiting the publishing of any native paper at all would be still milder in one way, for it would save publishers the trouble of giving bonds or of sending their articles before publication to unsympathetic officials. On the other hand, systems which aim at preventing the publication of any objectionable matter, at all like the system in force in Russia, and now, so far as this Bill extends, in India, destroy the press altogether as a vehicle of opinion, and tend to reduce all papers to the level of vapid Government circulars expressing the same thoughts, or absence of thought, in nearly the same meek and hazy language.

That the native press of India should be transmuted from an organ, bad or good, of native opinion into a machine for communicating what the Government would like to have said and thought and believed—which experience shows must be the result of a censorship—may be quite necessary. Very strong evidence will be required to show that it is necessary; but, no doubt, there are circumstances in which a free press is an impossibility. No one could expect the Germans to allow a really free press in Lorraine, or the Russians to allow one in Poland. We in England must suspend our judgment until we know why such a very stringent measure as the new Indian Bill was thought necessary. But, however necessary the Bill may be, the mere fact that it should have been passed, and passed with such feverish alacrity, seems to indicate, or rather to be one more indication in addition to many others, that the Government of India is rapidly changing its character. It is losing its purely English type, and drawing nearer to the type familiar on the Continent. The old English idea of an official taking part in the government of India was that of a man calmly doing his duty in a persistent melancholy manner, not in the least afraid of the natives, more amused than vexed by their petulance, and striving out of their absurd and exaggerated complaints to get hints for managing them more wisely. He hoped that contact with English manners, religion, customs, and institutions would gradually train them into habits and ideas which we here think sound and healthy. When he had served his time, he left with the hope that he had done a stroke of honest work; and even if there was always a little favouritism in high quarters, yet he could generally be sure that his merits would be recognized, and that he would, if he did well, win the approbation of some man of character, sense, and statesmanship, who had been sent from home as Governor-General. Things are very different now. We have to confess that we are afraid of the natives; we do not want to know their opinions, but prefer to make them circulate ours. The official is to be considered a sacred personage, whose slightest feelings must be tenderly considered. With ourselves we strive to associate a few exceptional natives of the highest rank, and then we court and decorate and proclaim to be our friends, and therefore part of the sacred band against whom not a word must be breathed. The Civil Servant, although thus protected against the mass of the population, is the plaything of the supreme authorities. He never knows whether he is to be snubbed or made a Companion of an order which has been created within the last six weeks. The Viceroy exists, not to govern by the humble methods of quiet far-sighted statesmanship, not to infuse a tone of courtesy and dignity into English society, not to do the right thing opportunely and to say the right thing modestly, but to be a sort of superior sensational hero, always letting off an unexpected firework, wounding this man, glorifying that, always going about with half-a-dozen orders in his pocket for distribution, and alternately dazzling the natives with shows, smothering them with effusions of sentiment, or explaining how thoroughly he distrusts them. Lord LYTON seems made for the post in its new form. He even uttered an "eloquent peroration" in honour of the suppression of the Indian press. He knows how to cloak an act of supreme, if necessary, despotism in language which every intelligent Bengalee will recognize as really beautiful. LOUIS NAPOLEON could not have done the thing better, and it may be said generally that all Lord LYTON's government is more or less in the style of the Second Empire. Yet to say this is not altogether to blame it, for, if once

English ideas as to the objects and methods of government are abandoned, there is much to be said for the government of LOUIS NAPOLEON, due allowance being made for the difficulties in which he had chosen to place himself.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

THE half-yearly dividends of all the Railway Companies have now been declared, with a result which is on the whole not unsatisfactory. With the exception of the North-Eastern, almost all the Companies have maintained their position; and the dividends of the Southern lines, which depend mainly on passenger traffic, have in some instances risen considerably. The gross receipts for 1877, with but small additional mileage, are, notwithstanding the depressed condition of trade, in excess of those of 1876; and the advance, or rather the avoidance of a decline, has been secured in the face of serious obstacles. The Great Western, and in a greater degree the London and North-Western and the Great Northern Railways, continue to suffer a considerable loss through the injudicious reduction of passenger fares which was some years since forced upon all its competitors by the Midland. The great inconvenience inflicted on a large number of passengers by the abolition of second-class carriages has not been compensated by any benefit to the Company. The working expenses may perhaps have been in some degree diminished by the reduction in the weight of trains; but, on the other hand, those who formerly travelled in the second class have, with few exceptions, resorted to the third class; and the first-class passengers would have been content with the maintenance of the former fares. As all the competing Companies complain of heavy loss, it is improbable that the Midland should not also suffer. The experiment may perhaps have been recommended by plausible reasons; but, if it proves to be unprofitable, there can be no doubt that, after a sufficient trial, it will be abandoned. The goods rates are everywhere regulated and controlled by keen competition, which also extends to the efficiency of the service. The great superiority of English to foreign railways in the accommodation of passengers is better known than the still more remarkable contrast in the conveyance of goods. Traders of course from time to time complain of mistakes and delays; but the organization of the service leaves little to be desired. Rates are a common subject of complaint or dispute; but the Companies have a strong interest in encouraging trade; and they are liable to the competition, not only of rival lines, but of other markets. Every coal-field in the kingdom competes with every other; and in the struggle the interests of Railway Companies and of the coalowners in their respective districts are for the most part identical. A similar competition is often maintained by manufacturing towns and by agricultural districts.

If the working expenses of railways had been the same which were incurred ten or twelve years ago, nearly all the principal railways would now be paying from eight to ten per cent.; but the cost of working tends certainly to increase, although for two years past coal and iron have been unusually cheap. The saving in locomotive fuel has no drawback as long as it lasts; but when old iron as well as new is reduced in price, the Companies only profit by the difference in price between the worn-out materials and those which are placed in their stead. A permanent saving will be effected when steel rails have been everywhere substituted for iron; but the change, as long as it is in progress, necessarily imposes an additional charge on revenue. The iron rail manufacture is almost extinct, and in a few years all traffic will be conducted over steel rails, which last three or four times as long as iron. The increase in wages and in the number of railway servants which took place in a prosperous period has proved to be permanent. The block system involves a heavy expense; and neither that nor any other contrivance will render accidents impossible as long as a pointsman or an engine-driver is human and fallible; but the block system, on the whole, tends to diminish risk. It may be hoped that the alarm expressed by a Scotch Judge at the discovery that station-masters sometimes speculated in railway shares may have been exaggerated. It has not been proved that any railway servant has yet upset a train for the purpose of affecting prices; nor is a gambler always ready to become a wholesale murderer.

Some of the Companies have a considerable capital engaged in works which are as yet either partially or wholly non-remunerative. Works in progress form a dead weight on revenue; and when new lines are opened a considerable interval for the most part elapses before the old course of traffic is so far diverted as to render them profitable. As Companies never publish separate balance-sheets showing the returns and expenses of parts of their systems, it is not known whether extensions or branches have at first answered the expectations of their promoters. The Midland Company will sooner or later carry a valuable Scotch traffic by their independent line to Carlisle; but the bulk of the trade had previously belonged to the London and North-Western, which will probably long retain the advantage of early possession. On the whole, railway profits are perhaps more likely to increase than to diminish; and provident investors will prefer the Companies which have a large proportion of fixed charges. The whole of any increase which may accrue will belong to the ordinary shareholders, who may therefore rely on the elasticity of the whole undertaking. Only a few years ago the Great Western Company was barely able to meet its preference charges; and now it has paid for the half-year a dividend of 4½ per cent. In the same time the price of the shares has more than doubled. The Company has perhaps not yet reaped the full benefit of the recent amalgamations, which gave it the largest mileage in the kingdom, with the command of a great part of the South Wales coal-field; and, with the monopoly of a large district in the West of England, the Great Western ought to be a valuable undertaking. The North British and the Great Eastern offer other instances of Companies with an unusually large proportion of fixed charges.

All Companies with a mineral traffic to London have reason to regret the failure of the negotiation for amalgamating the Great Eastern and Great Northern Railways. In consequence of the unfavourable result of the treaty, the Great Eastern has projected an independent line into Yorkshire with a tariff greatly below the maximum of all existing lines. If the Bill which is now under the consideration of Parliament is passed, all the rates on coal to London will be immediately reduced for the time, though perhaps some means may be eventually devised for obviating the loss. In consequence of the competition of coal-fields, the Great Western and London and North-Western will be affected by any change in the rates from the Northern collieries. Hitherto the maximum charges have been regulated by the freights of the screw-colliers; but, for various reasons, the railway traffic has great advantages over the sea. If the reduction takes place, experience will show whether the London dealers will obtain any share of the profits which will accrue to coal-owners. It is not absolutely impossible that consumers may also obtain a reduction of price; but any possible diminution of rates will probably be on too small a scale to affect the retail trade. A more general risk to railway undertakings, inasmuch as it affects goods as well as minerals, consists in the attempt of the Railway Commissioners to obtain additional powers which would enable them more effectually than at present to override the Parliamentary contracts under which the lines have been constructed. Already, by an undoubted anomaly, they are able to disregard the authorized tariffs on application for a rate by any Company using part of a private route. In their last Report the Commissioners request that they should be allowed the same discretion whenever a trader or freighter proposes to reduce an existing rate. An indefensible proposal derives no additional recommendation from the circumstance that it proceeds from a tribunal greatly in want of employment. The business of the Commissioners as arbitrators has perceptibly decreased, and the cases which require their interposition are few in number. It is not desirable that Parliament should make work for a Court, instead of constituting a Court if necessary to meet a public want. The Legislature ought not to encourage any popular clamour for the spoliation of property. Of all classes of capitalists, investors in railways have perhaps rendered the greatest services to the community, with but moderate average benefit to themselves. As long as the Companies discharge their duty, they are entitled to protection, though not to special favour.

GERMAN SOCIALISM.

THE Socialists of Berlin have been meeting in their strength and their thousands like our own brethren in Hyde Park. One of their local leaders recently died, an enthusiast who had for years surveyed existence from the disadvantageous position of a journeyman printer. His funeral was attended by ten thousand men, women, and children, arrayed for the occasion in the red scarves which custom has established as the proper ensign of subversive theories. The Socialists of Berlin appear to have convinced themselves not only that there is nothing right on this side of the grave, but that there is nothing at all, right or wrong, beyond it, and they have erected these two propositions into a creed to which the crowd present at the funeral solemnly vowed its passionate and unwavering adherence. Nor is it only on great occasions, and when death summons them together, that the Berlin Socialists meet and encourage each other to bear all things and hope all things for the great cause to which they are pledged. They seem to be always meeting, and, what may seem strange, they show an almost greater strength of women than of men. Socialist ladies seem very thoroughgoing people. Last month, we are told by a Correspondent of the *Times*, twelve hundred women assembled in a dancing-saloon to discuss the principles of religion and property. The ladies made short work with both sets of principles. The chairwoman gave an interesting history of her own conversion, and of the fruits in heart and conduct which her new faith called forth. "I will just relate," she said, "how I left the Church and became a Socialist. I simply discovered that my belief never gave me anything to eat; with five hungry children around me, this argument was conclusive." Her eyes being thus opened, she began not only to preach, but to practise, her new principles. She was, as she told her audience, not only a mother but an aunt; and her sister, whom she had been able to help in a small way, had two children who fortunately had not been christened, so that there was no antecedent obstacle to their growing up as their aunt could wish, but who, of course, owing to their tender years, might be led astray. One day, to her horror, she saw two clergymen in her sister's room, and as she laconically, but graphically, put it, "Of course I insulted them." This finished them off; but to her sister she had to give one of those stern warnings to which advisers of all persuasions are strongly inclined. "I told her that if the children were baptized she had seen the last of my coin." That a woman should have imperfect ideas of argument, should be violent in language, and should bully the unhappy men across whom she may come, is nothing very new to us. We know what our own sweet Englishwomen can be when they make themselves unpleasant. But that a woman should have learnt to conduct herself exactly like a district visitor of the worst type on behalf of a creed the point of which is that there is nothing to believe, certainly seems odd at first. Only one man was allowed to speak at the ladies' gathering; and he was not only a member of the Imperial German Parliament, but a very handsome man, and said things sweet to his audience to hear, dwelling on the "disgraceful pedigree" assigned to woman in the extraction of the first man's rib, and on the awfulness of the spectacle of a baroness wheeled on gutta-percha wheels past a poor bricklayer's wife carrying her husband's dinner to him on his scaffolding. Handsome, however, as was the speaker, and adroitly chosen as were his topics, his fair hearers were so worn out by listening so long to a man that, at the end of his speech, a lady rose to suggest that the proceedings should be temporarily suspended while they all "recuperated themselves with beer." In any human assembly there is always some touch of human nature; and there is something in the picture of these twelve hundred women just standing a male speaker because he was very handsome, and yet getting every moment more thirsty as he went on, which at any rate enables a foreign critic so far to understand and sympathize with them.

German Socialists, however, do not limit themselves to expressions of disbelief in the established religion, or of indignation at the difference in the lot of life which falls to a baroness and to the wife of a bricklayer. They look at things all round, and go to the root of the matter in all directions. Why, asks a Socialist journalist, should we care for the Fatherland? What is it to us? What does it do for us that we need be grateful to it? Are we to be thankful for it because it tears us from home to serve in

the ranks of an army where everything exists for the benefit and glory of the officers, or because it lets us eat the very little bread we earn, or gives us law courts if we pay salaries to the judges, or because it is good enough to be always forwarding us neatly printed missives from the tax-gatherer? "No," says this indignant person; "infatuation alone can speak of country and patriotism nowadays. This modern patriotism is nothing but a means cunningly resorted to by the ruling classes to hound race against race, and bleed the dangerous mob from time to time." The Socialists, in fact, altogether give up as bad jobs modern society, religion, and Germany itself. And yet they have a considerable and increasing political power. Before 1860 Socialism seems to have been unknown in Germany. At that date LASSALLE, who was a man of great natural gifts, and had a strange power over the minds of men, started a Socialist agitation in Berlin. He was to a certain extent countenanced and supported by the Government and the Conservatives, who thought they saw in him an instrument for breaking the power of the middle classes. At the time of the French war, it and its immediate consequences for a while absorbed all the attention of the nation. But when quiet returned, and when a state of great commercial stagnation added the stimulus of real distress, socialistic opinions revealed themselves on a new scale and with a new power. The system of universal suffrage, which Prince BISMARCK chose to institute for the election of the German Parliament in order to avoid once for all troublesome questions of electoral reform, gave the Socialists an opportunity of which they have not been slow to take advantage. In 1871 they only collected 120,000 votes, and managed to return only two members. In 1874 they had 340,000 votes and nine members. In 1877 they registered 497,000 votes and sent twelve members to the Legislature; and as the total number of voters taking part in the election was only about five millions and a half, every eleventh voter was a Socialist. These figures are now supplied by the Correspondent of the *Times*, but he might have added two important facts which strongly impressed Germans at the time of the last elections. In the first place, the chief stronghold of the Socialists was shown to be Berlin itself, so that it appeared that the greatest support of doctrines which seem to be the offspring of sheer ignorance was found in the very centre of German education, and indifference to the Fatherland was most zealously proclaimed in the very centre of German military glory. Then, again, it was discovered, to the surprise of many honest and respectable persons, that the Socialists by no means all belonged to the mob. Decorous people, dressed in an unexceptionable manner, and even to some extent wearing kid gloves, were seen to go solemnly to the poll and proclaim themselves adherents of the lamented LASSALLE. They were not Conservatives wishing to give a wholesome lesson to the *bourgeoisie*, but men who were frankly sick of modern society and repudiated it in spite of the advantages which they personally derived from it. They would probably have hesitated to drink beer with twelve hundred ladies in a dancing-saloon, or to wear a red scarf at an irreligious funeral; but when they had merely to go to the poll they had the courage of their opinions and plumped for a Socialist.

When any new feature in Continental life is brought to the notice of English readers, their first impulse, if it is not France to which their attention is immediately directed, is to find some French parallel which may help them to understand, however imperfectly, the strange facts they are hearing of for the first time. This is a very natural impulse, and a useful one; for to Englishmen a knowledge of France is the indispensable key to a knowledge of the Continent. It is therefore quite natural, and, to a certain extent, instructive, to compare German Socialism with Paris Communism. The main outlines of Socialism must be the same everywhere, and to know the history of the Paris Commune enables an Englishman to appreciate with advantage the study of German Socialism. But, if a little close attention is given, the true parallel to German Socialism does not seem discoverable in French Communism, but in Russian Nihilism. The Commune was not only destructive. It had a constructive type to which it wished to approach. This implies a different mental condition from that which rests on the broad ground of nothing. English Correspondents who associated during the late war with Russian officers, and acquired some knowledge of the sentiments of the Russian army, were lost in surprise at the frank and unguarded

manner with which Russians of all ranks avowed their adherence to Nihilism. They aimed sincerely and vehemently at a blank. They objected to everything that existed, hated all government, all officials, all institutions. But there was nothing they wished for except nothing. They did not want a larger share of political power, or greater prosperity, or a better position for Russia. They cared neither for the Czar nor the Church, but they did not want any other governor or any other religion. German Socialists seem to be in very much the same state of mind. They do not picture to themselves a new state of society, a new state of religious feeling, a new Germany, but only dream of a listless, ghost-like ideal in which there would be no society, no religion, no Germany. To Englishmen such a mental condition is almost inexplicable. If we are not content with things as they are, we immediately put before ourselves something that we do want. To desire nothing at all as the result of a change which would bathe the nation in blood seems to us a vagary beyond the wildest vagaries of Bedlam. Probably the reason why Nihilism and German Socialism appear to us so completely beyond the bounds even of our imagination is that we have for centuries been accustomed to the thought that, if we wanted anything very much, we should probably get it—a notion which has also been implanted in even the wildest Frenchmen by recollections of their great Revolution. We do not know the feeling of being under an unalterable and unassailable system, grinding us almost to pieces, prescribing almost every act of life, and binding us in chains of iron from the cradle to the grave. The German Socialists and the Nihilists are like boys at a strict school, who, perhaps not without some shadow of reason, think they are badly treated and long to run away, although they have no notion where to run to or what would happen to them if they ran. Not to be at the school is the one ideal of their fancy. With these victims of dreaming discontent it is obvious that other boys, who, if they disliked the school, would set themselves to lick an usher or to get their parents to interfere, can have little sympathy. We can only take notice of the views of Nihilists and German Socialists and leave them to work towards their wonderful goal in their own fashion.

AFFAIRS IN VICTORIA.

THE Government have presented one set of papers on affairs in Victoria, and promised to present another set in a few days. Were it not for this, very little would be known of what is going on there. The English newspapers can hardly be expected to keep Special Correspondents in every colony, and, even if they did, there might be a difficulty at present in finding space for letters of the length which the importance and complication of the measures lately taken by the Government of Victoria demand. Under these circumstances, it is safest to take no notice of the fragments of information which have reached this country through other than official channels, but to attend exclusively to the papers laid before Parliament. If some local colour is missed by this plan, we escape at the same time a great deal of local misrepresentation.

The despatches from Sir GEORGE BOWEN bear out what we said last week, that the origin of this unfortunate quarrel lies in the unwillingness of the Legislative Council of Victoria to accept the principle of the payment of members. It is fair, however, to the Council to add that this unwillingness on their part was, in the first instance, assumed by Mr. BERRY and his colleagues on insufficient technical grounds. In the words of the *Argus* newspaper, which represents the Opposition, "an impression" had "gone abroad that the Upper House had had enough of 'the experiment of paying the representatives of the people,' which during the last six years it had allowed to be 'carried on under two Acts of limited duration, and that it 'was prepared not only to refuse its assent to any permanent 'arrangement, but also to reject any further measure of a 'temporary character.'" Whether this impression accurately represented the intentions of the Legislative Council at that moment may, of course, be contested; but the views of so small a body are not very hard to get at informally, and the subsequent action of the majority certainly goes to show that the real intention of a majority of the Council was not very different from that here attributed to them. No worse question could have been chosen on which

to fight the Assembly. The Council, rightly or wrongly, is believed to represent a very small and very wealthy minority in the colony. The payment of members has now gone on for six years; the principle has been affirmed by two general elections; and, as Sir GEORGE BOWEN incidentally remarks, it is now the rule in every European Legislature except that of Great Britain, in the American Congress and State Legislatures, and in Canada and New Zealand. To suppose that a colony in which universal suffrage prevails will be persuaded to give up such payments in deference to an Upper House composed of great landowners shows an extraordinary absence of Parliamentary instinct.

At the next stage of the business, however, the advocates of the payment of members put themselves for a time in the wrong. The Act authorizing the payment is a temporary Act, and expires at the end of the present Session of the Victorian Legislature. The proper course therefore would have been to introduce a Bill making this Act permanent. Such a Bill would have been carried by large majorities in the Assembly, and the whole responsibility of its rejection would have lain with the Legislative Council. Instead of this, Mr. BERRY and his party argued that payment of members was practically established law, and that it was not their place to re-open the question. Accordingly, they included in the additional estimates for the year 1877-8 provision for "reimbursing" members of the Legislative Council and of the Legislative Assembly their expenses in relation to their attendance "in Parliament at the rate of 300*l.* per annum each, "from and after the expiration of the present Session "of Parliament." They did not take this step without making an attempt to come to a compromise with the Council; but the negotiation failed. The item in the additional estimates providing for the continued payment of members was passed by a very large majority in the Assembly, and was subsequently included in the General Appropriation Bill. The Ministry then did what they ought to have done first of all. They carried through the Assembly a Bill continuing the Payment of Members Act until the end of the present Parliament. At this point Mr. BERRY and his friends showed a real, though tardy, desire for conciliation. They did not even propose to make the Payment of Members Act permanent. The Bill sent up to the Council only continued it for the duration of the existing Parliament, and left the question to be again submitted to the country at the next general election. According to Sir GEORGE BOWEN, the Council "was earnestly advised by its "friends out of doors, and by the public press of the "Colony on all sides, including nearly all the journals "opposed on principle to the payment of members, to "accept the concession thus offered by the Assembly." It was the more important that they should do so because it had been "intimated" to the Ministers—we are again quoting Sir GEORGE BOWEN—"on what they deemed "amply sufficient authority, that the Council would "be willing, as on two former occasions, to pass "a separate Bill." Unfortunately, this intimation proved to be inaccurate. Instead of passing the Bill, the Council rejected it by a majority of 18 votes against 8. Having thus made up their minds for battle, they proceeded further to reject the Appropriation Bill on the score of its containing the obnoxious item; thus in effect leaving the Government provided with money for carrying on the public service for only two months longer. The Legislature then adjourned for the Christmas holidays, with the two Houses hopelessly at issue with one another. The Victorian Constitution provides no means of getting over a difficulty of this kind. In nominated Upper Chambers there is a power analogous to the power which the Executive possesses in England of creating new peers, but in Victoria the Governor has no such means of evading a dead-lock.

The Council having thus done what it could to embitter the relations between itself and the Assembly, and to place itself in antagonism to a Ministry commanding a large popular majority, the Executive had to consider what should be their next move. The supplies were running out, and no more were to be had except at the cost of sacrificing the provision for the payment of members and sending up a fresh Appropriation Bill to the Council with that item omitted. Neither Ministers nor the Assembly were in a mood to make concessions; and on the 8th of January Mr. BERRY communicated to the Government the decision of the Cabinet to make important reductions in the public service with a view to economize the funds at the

disposal of the Government. "This course," Ministers stated, had "been adopted to provide to the latest possible "moment for the protection of life and property, seriously "jeopardized by the rejection of the annual Appropriation "Bill by the Legislative Council." It will be seen that there is no mention here of those extravagant designs attributed to Mr. BERRY by some of his more imaginative supporters. The proposed dismissals were described not as an instrument of coercing the Upper House by destroying the whole framework of society, but simply as a measure of retrenchment rendered inevitable by the emptiness of the Treasury and the impossibility of refilling it.

In a memorandum submitted to the Cabinet, Sir GEORGE BOWEN, while admitting the necessity of retrenchment owing to the stoppage of supplies, records his grave objections to the particular mode in which it was proposed to carry out the reductions in the Civil Service, and especially in the judicial department. He had "grave mis-"givings" in particular concerning the even temporary dispensing with the services of County Court Judges, Coroners, and police magistrates. The course he himself recommended to the Cabinet was to suspend the salaries of the officers instead of dispensing with their services, by which means the public would have retained the services of such of them as were willing and ready to serve for a time without pay. With regard to further reductions, he strongly recommended Ministers to take measures for contradicting the false rumours that had been circulated, to the effect that the Government contemplated some interference with the currency and the banks, and reminded the Cabinet that he was precluded by the QUEEN'S instructions from sanctioning any measure establishing a paper currency or prejudicing the trade and shipping of the United Kingdom and its dependencies. The Cabinet rejected this wise advice, and Sir GEORGE BOWEN determined that, as the proposed reductions in the public service only affected persons holding office during pleasure, as he had been assured that a sufficient number of officers would be retained to keep the machinery of justice at work in the District Courts and Courts of Petty Sessions, and as the unpaid Justices of the Peace had everywhere undertaken to perform the duties of Coroners and police magistrates during the Parliamentary deadlock, he would not be "justified in causing a Ministerial crisis "by interfering authoritatively with the policy of his "constitutional advisers." At this point the first instalment of papers leaves us. That Mr. BERRY was wrong in the course he adopted seems to be clear. But it is equally clear that the statements relative to his policy which reached this country in anticipation of the official despatches were greatly, though perhaps excusably, exaggerated; and that, in assenting to that policy in spite of his personal disapproval of it, Sir GEORGE BOWEN did not go beyond the limits of his official discretion.

AMERICAN REPUDIATORS.

A MR. LIVERMORE, who, as he dates from the Consulate of the United States at Londonderry, is probably American Vice-Consul at that city, has written an indignant letter to complain of the comments of the *Saturday Review* on the Bland Silver Bill. "The tone in "which the United States and its public men are impeached "and vilified by the article of the 9th of March seem [to "the writer of the letter] to demand the interference of the "prosecuting officer under the guidance of HER MAJESTY'S "Government for the suppression of atrocious declamation "tending to the disturbance of the peaceful relations of "the two countries." It is to be feared that the imperfect state of English jurisprudence, and especially the non-existence of a public prosecutor, may prevent the adoption of criminal proceedings against those who venture to doubt the expediency and honesty of the Silver Bill; but the same issue may be conveniently raised by an impeachment of the President of the UNITED STATES for refusing, on the same grounds which were adopted in the *Saturday Review*, his assent to the Bill. Nearly all the principal American journals denounced the measure of repudiation in still stronger language, and the minorities in the Senate and the House of Representatives opposed the Bill as a plain violation of national good faith. It is true that a disturbance of the peaceful relations of England and America would be a great misfortune;

but the English Government will certainly not interfere on behalf of creditors, and it would be hard if the United States were to go to war because English bondholders complain of being mulcted of their dues to the extent of nine or ten per cent. The incapacity or neglect of Mr. LIVERMORE, who is probably an honest, though mistaken, patriot, to understand the rudiments of the question is probably shared by many of his countrymen; but the owners of silver mines, who were principal promoters of the Bill, thoroughly comprehended the effect of their proposal; and the measure was recommended to the favour of the Western constituencies by the suggestion that it was directed against the usurious capitalists of the Atlantic cities and of Europe. The controversy is not between nations, but between lenders and borrowers. The proposition that contracts ought to be performed according to their letter and spirit scarcely amounts to atrocious declamation.

The bonds are payable "in coin of the standard value of the United States on the 10th day of July, 1870." At that time the coins of the United States were the silver dollar and the gold ten-dollar piece, each of a certain degree of purity. "It is," says Mr. LIVERMORE, "in these coins that the creditors will receive their pay; and no law has been passed by Congress, nor is any likely to be passed, of a contrary effect or tendency." The further question, in which of the two coins payment will be made, might seem to deserve consideration; and there is unfortunately no doubt as to the answer. The silver dollar is worth proportionately less than the gold coin; and consequently it will be universally preferred by debtors since it has become a legal tender. The SECRETARY of the TREASURY when he issued the loan probably stated that the bonds would be paid in gold; and under his sanction, and with the full knowledge of Congress, the financial agents of the United States advertised the bonds in home and foreign markets as payable in gold. The purchaser probably had never seen a bond when he agreed to take a certain amount of the loan, and, when the documents were delivered, he would not concern himself with their form. If he were a foreigner, he would not know what was the legal coinage of a country which for the time used only a paper currency. The silver dollar, though it was nominally legal, had not for many years been in circulation; and the borrower thought as little as the lender that it would ever be reintroduced for purposes of fraud. Twelve months ago the silver device had not been invented, although it has since been approved by more than two-thirds of each branch of Congress. There can be little doubt that, if a similar contract were made by private persons, an English or American Court would compel payment to be made in accordance with the prospectus which was issued by authorized agents. Perhaps the validity of the recent Act of Congress may be questioned in the Supreme Court of the United States; but no legal decision can alter the moral conditions of the transaction.

The irritation which seems to be caused by a simple exposure of an unjustifiable proceeding is a healthy symptom. It could scarcely have been supposed that an educated and intelligent American could be misled by the transparent fallacies which were urged in defence of the Silver Bill; but even a misplaced jealousy of national honour is a laudable feeling. Some of the apologists for the discharge of the debt in silver coin were opposed to the earlier project of defrauding bondholders by payment in paper money; but the arguments employed in both cases were precisely similar, and the House of Representatives voted repudiation in the form of payment in greenbacks by a still larger majority than that which passed the BLAND Bill over the PRESIDENT'S veto. It was urged by Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, Mr. BUTLER, and their allies, that greenbacks, being a legal tender, might be applied to the discharge of national obligations. The opponents of the fraud contended, as in the present case, that debts ought to be paid according to the common intent of both parties at the date of the contract. The argument failed to influence the vote of the House; but the Senate at that time considered itself the guardian of the national credit. Of late the value of American paper money has approached so nearly to par that there would have been little advantage in paying the principal or interest of the debt in greenbacks. A much larger immediate profit will be obtained by the operation of the Silver Bill.

As the mischief is irremediable, the main interest of the

discussion to political observers consists in the light which it throws on some of the tendencies of democratic institutions. Repudiation has been often practised by despotic Governments; but it has not been generally avowed in Europe as a defensible theory. Spanish Ministers indeed have sometimes professed to regard demands for payment of lawful debts as imputations on national honour; but the pretexts or excuses for insolvency are not to be literally construed. The peculiarity of the American breach of faith is that it is deliberately committed by a powerful and wealthy community without the smallest pressure of necessity. Congress, or rather the constituency by which it is controlled, has thought fit to assert, at the expense of the public creditor, an irresponsible sovereignty which no one thought of disputing. It is still more remarkable that the breach of faith which has been committed involves a heavy balance of loss. The rate of interest on the debt is naturally raised in proportion to the deteriorated condition of the national credit. It is true that the same mode of depriving bondholders of their rights can scarcely be repeated; but capitalists have received warning that they are liable to be injured by ingenious devices of repudiation which may probably find favour with Congress. The four per cent. loan which the SECRETARY of the TREASURY had been authorized to negotiate was defeated by the introduction of the Silver Bill; and consequently a large reduction of interest which might otherwise have been effected has for the time become impracticable. The largest profit from the transaction will perhaps accrue to creditors and recipients of salaries in India, whose interests were certainly not regarded by the advocates of the Silver Bill.

The deliberate purpose of repudiation which was entertained by the promoters of the BLAND Bill is not an isolated specimen of dishonesty. An agitation has been set on foot for the formation of a new party which will advocate the interests of debtors against creditors. So many attempts at the establishment of new American parties have failed, that the National party, of which Mr. BUTLER is a principal promoter, may perhaps sink back into the ranks of the Republicans or the Democrats; but its members will take their doctrines with them when they join any other political organization; and any power which they may attain will be formidable to the owners of property. The bloated capitalist and creditor is to be punished by a graduated Income-tax, as well as by taxation on funds which have hitherto been entitled to exemption. Apologists for iniquitous legislation will find that the criticism of which they complain is justified by the public professions of political leaders and demagogues. The theory of the Silver Bill was, if possible, more objectionable than its immediate effect. The same party which took the most active part in promoting the BLAND fraud is now agitating against the payment of the damages assessed by the Canadian award. In this case dishonesty is recommended to the favour of demagogues and their dupes by the simultaneous opportunity of offering an affront to England. The pretension that the American arbitrator had power to prevent the delivery of any award has certainly not deceived the BLAINES or the BUTLERS who are contriving the dishonour of their country.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE French Ministry have had an extraordinary run of luck. The schism between the Bonapartists and the Legitimists, and the secession of the constitutional Senators from the Right, have completely broken up the reactionary coalition. The fears entertained as to the acceptance of the State of Siege Bill by the Senate have consequently come to nothing. The Government has commanded a more than sufficient majority in every division. The Chamber of Deputies has been so moved by this victory that it has put aside its distrust of what the PRESIDENT and the Senate might some day contrive against it, and has suspended its sport of unseating Conservative members in order to discuss the items of the Budget. As if to make the happiness of the Cabinet complete, the Irreconcilables insisted on dividing against this last proposal, and thereby showed that their effective strength in the Chamber is just twenty-four votes.

The position of the Right upon the question of a state of siege has necessarily been a little embarrassing. They were asked to lessen the powers of the Government; and,

considering what their opinion of the existing Government is, they might have been supposed to think that the less power it has the better. Probably, if the Right believed in the stability of the Republic, they would have taken this view. But the stability of the Republic is not at all a matter of faith with them. It is not even a probable opinion. If a genuine Legitimist were deprived of newspapers for a week, he would profess to open them on the eighth day with full expectation that the King would have been proclaimed in the interval. The Bonapartists may not be equally assured of their eventual triumph, but they put on an appearance of conviction which answers the same purpose. When they have no immediate party end to serve, they are usually disposed to take the side of freedom, and at present it is especially important to them to make the distinction between the Legitimists and themselves as obvious as possible. The question for them to decide, therefore, was whether they had any immediate party end to serve by voting against the Government, and the result of the division shows that a section of them, small indeed in numbers, but large enough to carry the Bill, was not of this opinion. The remainder went with the other side, partly because they cannot yet divest themselves of the hope that they may again find themselves in a position which might make the power of proclaiming a state of siege convenient, and partly because the notion of governing without law has a specific charm for them quite apart from the character or origin of the Government in whom the power is vested. On the whole, we suspect that the majority of the Bonapartists judged more wisely for their own interests than the minority. Or rather, perhaps, they would have judged more wisely for their own interests had not the defection of the Orleanists made it impossible for them to give effect to their wishes. The position of the Government if the Senate had thrown out the State of Siege Bill would have been full of danger. It would not only have been clear that the Chamber of Deputies could do nothing until the Senate had been reconstructed or its powers under the Constitution lessened, but the Chamber of Deputies might have been provoked into an exhibition of technical, if not of real, distrust of M. DUFAURE'S Cabinet. If the majority in the Lower House had refused to take the Budget into consideration, it would have been represented to the MARSHAL that the Radicals had refused to carry on the business of the country. It is possible even now that a colourable representation of this kind might not have been without effect on him; and any effect that it might have had would necessarily have been injurious to the relations between himself and his Cabinet. All these evils have been averted. The antagonism between the two Chambers is at an end, and the measures which the Chamber of Deputies has thought indispensable to the safety of the Republic have been accepted as such by the Senate.

The position of the present Government is very much stronger than that of any French Government since the resignation of M. THIERS. To have on its side a majority of each Chamber is to be protected against what has been the chief danger of Republican Governments for nearly five years. As long as the two Chambers were in opposition, Marshal MACMAHON had always the power of playing off one against the other. Now this power has gone. The assumption of an independent position by the Constitutionalists has made it impossible to carry out any conspiracy against the Republic by means of the Senate, and at no time has Marshal MACMAHON been willing to take part in such a conspiracy without the aid of the Senate. It is one of the compensations attendant on the bitterness of French party warfare that reconciliations between estranged factions are exceedingly rare. After the abuse so unsparingly dealt out to the Constitutionalists by the Legitimists and the Bonapartists, it is not likely that even a temporary alliance between them and the Right will again be concluded. They will remain a separate party, voting sometimes with the Right and sometimes with the Left, but not offering any designed or consistent opposition to M. DUFAURE'S Government. This state of things promises well for the Republic in two ways. It enables the Chamber of Deputies to give the Government all those marks of confidence which a Parliamentary majority usually gives to a Ministry which is virtually its own creation. So long as the Senate could not be trusted the Chamber did not like to let the power of the purse go out of its hands even for six months. The

majority were not afraid of the Ministers, but they were afraid of the Ministers who might possibly succeed them. The voting of the Budget by instalments would have been exceedingly irritating to Marshal MACMAHON, and it would have kept alive in the country a sense that the Republic was only living from hand to mouth. Where the great want which a Government has to contend against is want of public confidence, anything that has this effect is necessarily damaging to it. The Bonapartists would have made great capital out of this state of things. Their custom is to present the Empire to the people as the Republic *plus* stability, and nothing could have more effectually helped them to do this than a continuous exhibition on the part of the Republicans of distrust in the permanence of the Republic. A second advantage which the Republic gains from the present distribution of parties in the Senate is the strength which it confers on the moderate section of the Left. This has already been seen in the division in the Chamber of Deputies on Tuesday. It has constantly been predicted that as soon as the Republicans had secured an undisputed majority in the Chamber they would begin to fall out among themselves. Now this prophecy has been fulfilled. The majority have fallen out among themselves, and we know the worst that discord can do. It can bring twenty-four men to vote against the Government. Perhaps if the Liberal majority in the Senate were more homogeneous, the Liberal majority in the Chamber of Deputies would be smaller. There must be many deputies who in their hearts would like to see a more Radical politician than M. DUFAURE at the head of affairs, and who, if they could indulge this preference without injuring their party, would be quite ready to do so. But the balance of parties in the Senate prevents their indulging it without injury to their party. At any moment the twenty Constitutionalists may vote with the Right, and they can only be kept from doing so by being persuaded that they have nothing to fear from the Republic. If it should prove impossible to convince them of this, all the gains of the last month will be put in peril, and the only way to convince them of it is to support the existing Government. A few Irreconcilables will ostentatiously disregard considerations of this commonplace kind, but their hostility will do the Republic less harm than their friendship. The majority of the Republicans will feel that it is not worth their while to risk a quarrel with the Senate, leading possibly to one with the MARSHAL, merely to secure the votes of a few extreme Radicals. There is a sufficient incentive to moderation in the benefit that it is certain to confer upon Republican institutions; but it is well that this benefit should assume a concrete form in the votes of these twenty Senators, the gain or loss of which will depend on the prudence of the Republican deputies.

THE NAVY.

THE hopeful language which the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY used in introducing the Navy Estimates scarcely seemed fitting at the time, and now, after the lapse of a week only, appears almost out of date. That Ministers should have spoken of their hope for peace on various occasions was natural enough, nor can any but fanatics doubt that the hope was sincere; but members of the Cabinet have talked of it so often, and with so much unction, that it can hardly be necessary to repeat it any more, and it might now be omitted from Ministerial speeches without any fear that the Government would be thought unduly anxious for war. Moreover, the constant expression of this wish, however laudable in itself, may produce an injurious effect in blinding men's eyes to the fact that, in spite of the most pacific desires, a people may find it impossible to avoid war. Mr. W. H. SMITH prefaced his statement of last week by saying that he had come to the conclusion that, in a time of peace, which he hoped would continue, it was not his duty to ask for any considerable increase in the provision for the navy. The only inference to be drawn from this sentence is that the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY either considers that war is extremely improbable—a very sanguine view, to say the least—or else is of opinion that, while peace actually lasts, armaments should never be increased to any great extent, which is equivalent to holding that a country should always allow itself to be taken unprepared.

It is to be observed, however, that the expenditure under the Vote of Credit was not amongst the subjects treated by the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY; and as this expenditure must be remembered in considering the preparation which is thought necessary, it may be assumed that the Navy Estimates, looked at as a whole, have the uncertain character which is so dear to the present Ministry and are not exactly peace estimates and not exactly war estimates. The uncontradicted reports of extraordinary activity at the Dockyards seem to show that the Government is by no means confident as to the endurance of peace; and perhaps Mr. SMITH might with advantage have left out the expression of a hope the sincerity of which nobody doubts, and have spoken more clearly as to the nature of his proposals when taken in connexion with the Vote of Credit; but allowance must be made for the extreme difficulty which members of the Cabinet have in using what can by any possibility be construed as bellicose language. His remark that the Estimates were of an unambitious character was, after the fashion to which we have now become well accustomed in Ministerial discourses, balanced by a statement which followed it. He said—and his words on this subject are of great importance—that he was satisfied that the supply of seamen was sufficient to “ensure ample protection for the shores of this country, and for its honour and interests,” and also that there were, in the navy and the coastguard, men enough to man every ship which is at present available. If there are seamen for every vessel which can be set afloat, the country, it may be supposed, is ready for war, so far as the present is concerned; and no increase in the sum voted for the navy could augment its power for some time to come. The only question, of course, is, whether there are ships enough; but it would seem that small ground for apprehension exists on this point, though, unfortunately, the addition which has been made to the fighting strength of the navy is not a little short of what was promised. “It was intended,” said the FIRST LORD, “that 8,621 tons of ironclad shipbuilding should be constructed,” and “that 41 unarmoured ships should be built, showing 5,619 tons,” so that the total tonnage to be built was 14,240 tons; but the head of the Admiralty had to confess that, apart from the result of the Vote of Credit, there would only be, up to the 31st of March, 11,538 tons constructed, instead of the 14,240 provided for by the scheme of last year; at least this was all the increase to which he could speak with certainty. The deficiency amounts, therefore, to 2,702 tons; and though the Admiralty has but rarely kept its promises—having, according to Mr. SAMUDA, only done so once in fourteen years—it must be said that the failure in this case is considerable. This, however, is not altogether the fault of the Admiralty; and Mr. SMITH, who has only been so short a time in office, certainly cannot be blamed. The fact that the increase in tonnage is so much less than was expected is due in great part, it appears, to the silly scare raised about the *Inflexible*, the effect of which may possibly be to prevent that vessel from being ready at a time when there is very serious need for her. In consequence of the attacks made on her design and on that of the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*, which resemble her, these three ships were, to use the FIRST LORD’s expression, “held back,” and this suspension of work accounts for nearly all the deficiency which has been shown to exist.

It will naturally be asked whether no use was found for the labour of the shipwrights who were thus set free, and Mr. SMITH certainly endeavoured to show that they had been most profitably employed; but it cannot be said that his explanations on this point were very clear, and none have been forthcoming since. The Admiralty availed itself, according to him, of the resources thus placed at its disposal to hasten “forward the repairs to the ships now almost completed,” these being the *Hercules*, the *Monarch*, the *Triumph*, the *Penelope*, and the *Northampton*. The language of the FIRST LORD, it may be observed, is here somewhat ambiguous; but the apparent meaning of it is that all the vessels named have been under repair. One of them, however, the *Northampton*, is a new vessel not yet finished; and, strangely enough, Mr. SMITH, a little later in his speech, said that he proposed to repair during the coming financial year the *Sultan*, the *Repulse*, the *Swiftsure*, the *Monarch*, and the *Penelope*; overlooking, it would seem, the fact that he had just spoken of the repairs to the two last-named ships as “almost completed.” This discrepancy has scarcely received the attention

it deserved, and is certainly worthy of notice, though probably Mr. SMITH is in no way responsible for the administrative error which it indicates. If the construction of the *Inflexible*, the *Ajax*, and the *Agamemnon* had been continued, the Admiralty ought still to have been able to cause the prompt execution of necessary repairs to ironclads; but it is difficult to read Mr. SMITH’s speech without coming to the conclusion that, even with the extra labour which was placed at the command of the authorities, all that was required could not be done, and that the late Mr. WARD HUNT did not sufficiently take into consideration the work which is needed to keep first-class ships fit for service. The inconsistency in the present FIRST LORD’s statements which has been pointed out was probably due to a desire, worthy of all respect, to shield as far as possible the shortcomings of his predecessor.

Mr. SMITH was himself careful to avoid promising too much; but at the same time he endeavoured to show that there would be a considerable addition to the navy during the coming financial year. Four great vessels—the *Inflexible*, the *Dreadnought*, the *Nelson*, and the *Northampton*—will be completed, a large number of corvettes will also be finished, twenty-eight torpedo boats are to be built, and a torpedo ram of a new kind is to be constructed. The strength of the navy will therefore be well maintained; but nevertheless it may be doubted whether a bolder scheme than that submitted last week would not have been welcomed both by the House of Commons and the country. Englishmen are at present far more willing that an expenditure which may prove to be unnecessary should be incurred than that any preparation should be neglected. It is to be feared that in this matter, as in so many others, the Government has been guided less by consideration of the state of affairs in Europe and the East than by the desire to conciliate or disarm opponents at home.

OFFENSIVE INDUSTRIES.

DR. BALLARD has completed the first part of the inquiry into the effluvia nuisances connected with manufacturing industry which he has been carrying on for the last three years under the direction of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board. A great part of his Report necessarily deals with particular examples of such nuisances; but Dr. BALLARD gives by way of preface a few general observations which will repay study. It is commonly supposed that these nuisances exist only in certain districts, and that, as no one need live in those districts unless he likes, or unless he is among those to whom the nuisance brings in money, the public have little interest in the question. Dr. BALLARD found that the majority of offensive businesses are scattered more or less widely over the whole country, and that one or more of them are to be met in almost every town and in some villages. They may exist to a very serious extent without any complaint being made to the local authorities. Englishmen do not like to be unneighbourly. They will bear a great deal of annoyance before they will lodge a complaint against a man whom they perhaps meet every day. Sometimes the trade which creates the nuisance is in the hands of the chief man of the place, and those who suffer from it are kept silent by the fear of making him their enemy. Sometimes the people who suffer from it are also the people who live by it, and they of course are not likely to make any complaint. Sometimes there are many nuisances congregated together, and the sufferers do not know which of them is to blame. Many local circumstances help to determine and modify the extent to which nuisances spread. Besides the differences arising from the density of the effluvia, there are others which have their origin in the contour of the ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the works, or in the arrangement of the works themselves. Thus a tall chimney will relieve those who live close to it at the expense of those who live at a distance. On the other hand, if the effluvia are discharged near the ground, those who live close to them will suffer, while those who live a little way off will escape. If the surrounding country, however, is flat and open, even vapours discharged near the ground may travel a mile or two, whereas these same vapours discharged in a town may not pass beyond the next street. Evidence as to effluvia being perceived at some distance from the place of discharge is not therefore rebutted by evidence that they have not been observed near the place of discharge.

Dr. BALLARD makes no attempt to give a scientific classi-

fication of this class of nuisances. The effluvia are in many cases very composite in their character, and in others their chemical character is altogether undetermined. Nor can the injury inflicted by them be made a basis of classification, as effluvia quite unlike one another will inflict apparently identical injuries. The division which Dr. BALLARD has adopted for the purpose of his inquiry arranges offensive businesses under six heads—the keeping of animals; the slaughtering of animals; industries in which animal, vegetable, and mineral substances respectively are principally dealt with; and industries in which substances of mixed origin are dealt with. The present Report relates to the first three of these only. At the outset of the inquiry a difficulty presents itself as to what is meant when offensive trade effluvia are said to be injurious to health. Dr. BALLARD suggests two alternative definitions, which he thinks will be found to cover the ground sufficiently. “Injurious to health” may mean that the offensive effluvia cause functional disturbance, which tends by continuance or repetition to impair the general health or strength. Or it may mean that the persons exposed to these offensive effluvia have their lives shortened by them, or are rendered more liable than other persons to definite attacks of disease, or are less likely to recover when attacked. There is no question that offensive effluvia come under the first definition. Whether bad smells do or do not produce specific diseases, they undoubtedly produce great discomfort. In the case of healthy persons the mischief may go no further, though even with them if the exposure to the effluvia is constant, life itself becomes uncomfortable, between which state and one of positive ill health it is difficult to draw the line.

As regards the production of specific diseases it is customary for manufacturers engaged in offensive trades to point to their workmen in proof of the statement that there is nothing injurious to health in the effluvia discharged. Dr. BALLARD shrewdly remarks that the invariability of this appeal, be the trade what it may, is itself somewhat suspicious. It is so much to the interest of a man who knows that his trade is spoken against to be able to use this argument that he will be likely to remember the instances in which his workmen have been healthy, or in which their complaints have been traced to other causes than offensive effluvia, and to forget the instances in which these effluvia have been known or suspected to be in fault. Many illnesses may really be due to effluvia which are not at the time recognized as such; and workmen who think that they are losing health under exposure to them often change their employment without assigning this as their reason. Even if the statement of the masters be accepted as absolutely accurate, it does not follow that those who live near the works without being employed in them enjoy the same immunity. A good deal of trouble is often taken to convey offensive vapours out of the works; and Dr. BALLARD has noticed that, in consequence of this care, effluvia are sometimes much more perceptible outside the works than inside them. In these cases it is not the workmen who suffer so much as their wives and children. If they themselves are affected, it is usually when, for any cause, they are unable to go to work. There are four considerations, however, which lead us to expect that offensive effluvia will be injurious to health quite apart from any direct evidence that it is so. First, towns are less healthy than the country because the air is less pure; and one item in the list of causes which go to produce atmospheric impurity is the escape of effluvia of this class. Secondly, the effluvia from decomposing animal matter are unquestionably injurious, and a large number of offensive trade effluvia have their origin in decomposing animal matter. Thirdly, the refuse which some offensive trades deal with is liable to be infected with the specific contagion of infectious diseases, and the effluvia arising from this refuse may consequently communicate this contagion. Fourthly, there are chemical substances which are irritating to the mucous surfaces with which they come in contact, and the effluvia from these substances may, in a lesser degree, be charged with the same irritating power. On the other hand, Dr. BALLARD admits that it is often very difficult to bring any positive proof that offensive effluvia are injurious to health. The class of persons who live in the neighbourhood of offensive businesses are usually subject to other unwholesome influences at the same time; and where there are filth and overcrowding and unwholesome food all operating upon the same subject, it is impossible to be sure that the mischief which, if these causes

were not present, would be attributable to offensive effluvia may not be attributable to one or other of these kindred, but distinct, influences. Even in the case which would seem most likely to be made out against these effluvia—the predisposition to disease arising from a generally weakened condition of the body—Dr. BALLARD found that there were generally other ways of accounting for this predisposition; and very careful observers told him that they had been unable to trace any operation of the kind in respect of the very effluvia which appeared most calculated to have this effect.

The importance of these considerations is considerably diminished by the fact that all, or nearly all, the trades now causing offence from the diffusion of effluvia may be so carried on as not to cause offence at all, or only such trifling offence as may well be tolerated by persons who live in communities. If Dr. BALLARD is right in this conclusion, there can be no question as to the propriety of insisting that they shall be carried on in this way. The use of such means is not even costly; on the contrary, the proper prevention of nuisances often turns out to be in a variety of ways conducive to the prosperity of the trades in which they are generated. Even if this were not so, there can be no reason why large populations should have their lives certainly made uncomfortable, and their health probably injured, by offensive effluvia, when it is in the power of the manufacturer to insure that no such effluvia shall escape and yet the business be carried on.

MODERN PERSONALITIES.

IT may be not without reason that the word “personality” has lately received a new meaning. People are too polite to use the term “scurrility,” but they do not object to the thing itself under its new name. When Mr. Tennyson spoke of the “abyssal depths of personality,” he could not guess that in the course of years the line might have a new sense, and be applicable to much that is written, spoken, and printed in this refined age. Possibly it is in sympathy with the ardour for elementary education that a large class of men and women now read who never read before. They naturally demand a fresh kind of intellectual sustenance, which is provided for them by the manufacturers of “personalities.” Things are published at the street corners which used only to be spoken among the bemused haunters of smoking-rooms or by cackling dowagers. People of sense and spirit were once ashamed even to listen to such infinitesimal gossip as now makes the staple of a good deal of popular literature. It may be worth while to compare the form which vacuous spitefulness takes at present with the shapes which more vigorous hate, scorn, or resentment wore in more manly times.

To think badly of our own age is a rather feeble sort of conventional hypocrisy. When preachers and satirists say that there never were such evil times, that now indeed corruption has come to a head, that a door is opened to flagitious vice, and profligacy flaunts unashamed, and so on, the audience generally gives a ready assent. The public rather likes to think that it is a little isle of middle-class virtue and intelligence, surrounded by an ocean of fashionable iniquity. Many excellent persons find it exciting to believe that “they do indeed live in times”—that safe remark in which, as far as it goes, all moralists readily agree. To believe in the naughtiness of our own generation is even more soothing than to confess that we are miserable sinners. The believer is convinced that he himself is the exception, all the more remarkable and meritorious because he resists such a force of bad example. The mildest of men, too, is at heart a rake, or at least is not out of sympathy with rakishness. Though he would not be wicked for the world, he is not ill content that some vicarious vice should be done for him. We may be certain that the enjoyment of life of a surviving Puritan in the glorious period of the Restoration was sensibly heightened by the contrast between himself and the society of the Court. He had the constant expectation that something terrible would happen, that fire and brimstone would fall at last, and that he and his friends would miraculously escape from the impending destruction. Meanwhile there was the thrilling spectacle of the dreadful worldly doings. In a profligate age the respectable are, as the sporting term runs, on velvet. They are as fortunate as might have been a martyr in early Christian times forced by the Executive to sit in the amphitheatre and keep his eyes open. He might morally detest and abominate the sports of the arena, but could he help being interested and diverted? He would have all the fun, with no reason to reproach himself. For these and similar reasons the virtuous lookers-on are always tempted to believe that their contemporaries are inordinately vicious. This is a seductive error into which we must guard ourselves against being supposed to fall when we discuss the sins of the day in the matter of scurrility.

Probably the general belief that a great many things which tell in argument ought not to be said, because they affect personal character or appearance, is only a temporary opinion. If we look at any moment in past history we find that orators, scholars, pamphleteers,

and theologians disdained no weapon of controversy. Any stick was good enough to beat a dog with, and, in the earnest ages, any man, woman, or child who differed from one was a dog. "Treating your adversary with respect," said Dr. Johnson, "is giving him an advantage to which he is not entitled. The greatest part of men cannot judge by reasoning, and are impressed by character, so that, if you allow your adversary a respectable character, they will think that, though you differ from him, you may be in the wrong. Sir, treating your adversary with respect is striking soft in battle." This is the old and permanent theory of the use of personalities. Boswell was inclined to extend it, beyond character, to personal appearance, and we do not find that Johnson differed from him. He held that if your adversary was an "ugly dog," and thought himself handsome, these facts would be perfectly relevant in an argument about final causes or any other topic. But, as Johnson puts it, the system is intelligible, and perhaps laudable. If we are to take men as we still find them—that is, as incapable of reasoning—we must bully and shriek out ugly charges. We must not be afraid of saying that "a lying spirit is abroad," or even of finding, in the person of an honourable member, the local habitation of the demon of falsehood. Demosthenes knew this, and so do the best modern adepts in the "ornament of debate." An Athenian audience was accustomed to listen to the most amazing and unspeakable personal charges, to language which would seem coarse in Ratcliff Highway, and excite indignation in Wapping. Purely irrelevant remarks about the private tastes of *Æschines* are introduced freely in the most rational of speeches delivered before the most reasoning of peoples. Scholars in the same way, who might be supposed, of all disputants, to address the most thinking and least prejudiced audience, have always been fond of the *argumentum ad hominem*. Mr. Arnold has lately reset some of the gems of Milton's scurrility. When Artemus Ward edited a country newspaper in America he became engaged in a controversy with a brother editor about local rates, or roads, or some such theme. He triumphantly closed the discussion by observing that the rival editor's sister had a glass eye and wore a wig. Arguments just as much to the point were the favourite terms of discussion with the students of the revival of letters. In the course of a friendly dispute as to the force of a particle they charged each other with all the crimes known, or unknown to the Decalogue. They tore to pieces the reputation of the deceased grandmothers of their opponents. All this, of course, is changed. When Mr. Murray and Mr. Mahaffy have a difference of opinion as to whether the ancient Greeks did or did not keep tame cats, even that irritating topic does not provoke them to desert the proprieties. In politics too there was of late a sensible, but, we fear, a merely temporary mildness. In the good old days when Ireland had a Parliament of her own, a member once enlivened debate by a sentence of which the following is a Bowdlerized version:—"The house of the honourable member for County Donnelly," he cried, "are, and have ever been, political and personal hirelings, from the white-livered hound that is trampling on the flure, to the painted hag that is grinning in the gallery." After the duel some one asked the speaker how he came to know that the sister of his adversary, the "hag" of the peroration, was to be present in the House. "Sure, I walked down with him, and he told me himself," answered the orator. There was nothing in his speech that would have offended an Athenian audience, if ladies had been in the way of attending the debates in the Ecclesia. He merely acted on Dr. Johnson's principle of not allowing an adversary, or any one connected with him, a respectable character. Yet his eloquence did certainly exceed the courtesies of debate. It is not very difficult to understand how scurrility of this kind became impossible, and how the sneaking modern tattle which mixes the names of ladies and of harlots, and drivels about the boots and waistcoats of gentlemen, came into fashion.

The correctness and moral hopefulness of the early part of the Victorian age cannot but strike the student with regretful amazement. Duelling and a great many other bad practices had gone out. There was a disposition to believe in progress, enlightenment, reason, and to credit all the world with the best intentions. Like the boys whom Dr. Arnold trusted, the world behaved very well for a while, and hopefulness culminated in 1851. People appealed to reason, and thought that scurrility was both irrational and cowardly. As duelling had become ridiculous, it was impossible to give the old sort of satisfaction for evil words; and so men abstained from coarse abuse, and, more or less, from railing accusations. Human nature, unhappily, seems still incapable of prolonged virtue of this sort. Invective has again become the ornament of debate. Brawls have succeeded to duels. As far as dignity and good manners are concerned, the change is not for the better. Possibly we are relapsing into a civilization like that of the Greeks and Romans, when honour in the sense which it has borne for many centuries will be unknown, and when, even more than of yore, every Englishman will be free "to say the thing he will" provided he stops on the safe side of the law of libel.

It is fair to say that violent invective, springing from personal hatred and indignation, is not the most common form of scurrility. A paid and professional spitefulness, a saying or insinuating of disagreeable things about private persons in their private character, is much more prevalent. The affair is a commercial one of supply and demand. The modern facility of communication, by almost annihilating space and time, has made a great country as small a place as ever was an ancient city-state. We all live in the street. Newspapers tell our neighbours all about our family affairs—our houses,

furniture, cellars, servants. A low Athenian of Aristophanes's time could not have known more about Alcibiades than every snob who has sixpence to spare may know about statesmen and ladies of rank. He may buy their portraits for a few pence, read their *bons-mots*, find out how they dress, and what are their favourite dishes. He is permitted to be as knowing as if he dined in the servants' hall, and the Christian names of noble women are as common on his lips as those of ballet-dancers. Where there is so much talk there is certain to be plenty of slander. The frequenters of tap-rooms feel with joy that they are only a week or so behind people who belong to mysterious clubs, in the matter of fashionable information. 'Arry's rooms are decorated with portraits of duchesses and of dancers, and when he goes to his favourite music-hall he easily recognizes ladies who patronize the same place of refined amusement. Political satire has degenerated to the level of the street boy's jeer. A great deal of smart writing about statesmen is on a level with the yells of the *gamin*, and with inquiries about the hatter of the victim. It is easy for the stupidest reporter who knows members of Parliament by sight to make a point by describing their neckties and their attitudes, their gloves and their tooth-picks. This ineffably odious trash is made comparatively interesting by the fact that there must be people who like to read it. A new abyss in human dulness is laid bare; and we contemplate, in a spirit as scientific as possible, the tame frivolity of men and women. While remaining as incapable of reasoning as ever, people have ceased to "judge by character," and take dress and manner and the accidents of appearance for their province. It is all a part of that complete, that "latest democracy," into which time and mechanical inventions have brought us, and out of which very likely they will carry us again into some less undignified simplicity. Twenty years ago people were too hopeful about human nature. Some modern characteristics teach us to nurse no extravagant hopes. The spectacle, at all events, of garrulous, familiar, and impulsive democracy swaying, not a city, but a vast empire, is interesting enough to be worth watching.

POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE PAPACY.

WHEN Mr. Lecky says that the Temporal Power fell "because it represented the union of politics and theology, and because the intellect of Europe has rendered it an anachronism by pronouncing their divorce," he is asserting a principle of which Mr. Frederic Harrison and the Liberation Society may fairly claim to be the most consistent exponents. And yet Mr. Harrison, who has just been instructing his clients as to the best method of disestablishing the Church of England—disdaining to waste time over so obvious a truism as the necessity and duty of disestablishment *per se*—is himself, if we mistake not, the hierarch, or at least the apostle, of a Church of the future which aspires to reproduce the nearest approach to theocracy compatible with a religion which is based on the negation of God. The general tendency of the age is no doubt in the direction of what Mr. Lecky calls "the secularization of politics," and there can be as little question that the Papal government, as it had long been carried on, was "essentially and radically opposed to that spirit." But although the union of Church and State has been denounced by freethinking politicians as an anachronism, and by a certain school of pietists as "adulterous," it seems likely enough in some form or other to survive the denunciations of both classes of assailants. The fact is that when the formal terminology of politics or religion comes to be translated into the language of actual life, the separation of Church and State, however simple as an abstract proposition, is found in practice to be one of the most complex questions with which statesmen or churchmen can be called to deal. Even in America, where the "divorce" is theoretically complete, or to speak more accurately where no union was ever recognized, the problem cannot be said to be solved except in name. And, if under circumstances seemingly the most favourable for their mutual independence, the religious and civil societies are constantly brought into contact, which may at any moment take the shape of conflict, with each other, much more is this apt to occur where the two have for centuries been intimately bound together. Union of Church and State, whether a good or a bad thing, is not an artificial but a natural product; it "grewed." The moment the State ceased to persecute Christianity it began to "establish" it, and the first Christian Emperor enforced conciliar decrees by the strong arm of the law, and punished in turn the orthodox or heterodox prelates who disobeyed his will. And what is true of the alliance of the two powers in general is emphatically true of the most highly organized and concentrated form of that alliance—the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. That also was a spontaneous growth. Of its origin we shall have a word to say presently.

This train of thought is naturally suggested by the attitude attributed—and, so far as can yet be judged, rightly attributed—to the pontiff who has just ascended the throne. According to a recent telegram his new Secretary of State, Cardinal Franchi, declares that Pope Leo is so far from being hostile to the national sentiments of his countrymen, that he wishes to see a strong and united Italy. The Temporal Power is no dogma, and he values it no further than as it may prove a security for his spiritual independence; "as Supreme Head of the Church he only demands from Italy a firm assurance of such a state of things as might allow no doubt of the complete freedom of the Holy See." Whether or not Cardinal

Franchi has been correctly reported, these words are quite in accordance with the line of action hitherto pursued by the new pontiff, which manifests a conciliatory spirit towards the Italian as well as towards foreign Governments. It was not his fault that the Coronation was shorn of much of its outward pomp, and he has already given orders that the Consistory to be held on Lady-Day shall be conducted with the full ceremonial observed on such occasions before 1870. Whether he will publicly take possession of St. John Lateran in person is not yet known, perhaps not decided. And he has taken the very decided step, in spite of strong opposition, of enjoining Italian bishops to take the necessary measures for legalizing their position. It seems clear, though it has not yet been officially announced, that he has made friendly overtures to the German Emperor and the Swiss Government, while he has pointedly discouraged the presentation of political addresses from German pilgrims. His discourses to the deputations from French universities, and to the clergy of Rome, to which we have before referred and which are now published in full, breathe a spirit of gravity and moderation as unlike as can well be conceived to the sensational harangues delivered almost daily by his predecessor. The former are reminded that unbelief must be combated with its own weapons, and ignorance dispelled by the inculcation of a true knowledge of God; the ascendancy of the Church is to be maintained by a moral authority over the minds of her children, not by the power of kings or parliaments or armies; and her moral empire neither requires the aid nor fears the resistance of the civil sword. The Roman clergy are bidden to preach the ancient faith pure and uncorrupt, and a sound morality, and to illustrate their teaching by a spirit of self-sacrifice and zeal for souls; it was by the word of God alone and the grace of His Holy Spirit that the Apostles won the world to Christ, and rekindled in men's hearts the love of the beautiful and the good, and by the same means only can its allegiance be recovered now, not by external force or even by the power of eloquence, but by faithfully preaching Christ. Neither here, nor in the Pope's reply to the address of the Cardinals after his Coronation, which has also appeared in the official organs of the Vatican, is there one syllable of reference to the loss of the temporal power; his trust, as it has been justly observed by a critic who cannot be considered partial, is not in princes or in any worldly policy, but in his sacred office as guardian of God's truth and herald of His word; even his gendarmes and Swiss guards are only an encumbrance and vexation to him. What he may say in his forthcoming Encyclical and Allocution, and in reply to the English deputation which is to be received, it seems, in May, remains to be seen, but we may be sure it will not be out of harmony with the tone of his previous utterances. Nor is it much to the purpose to ask with the *Times* Correspondent, in this connexion, whether the doctrines of the Roman Catholic religion are really based on divine truth. It is not with those doctrines that the Italian people have quarrelled, or are likely to quarrel, but with the exorbitant pretensions and parasitical accretions too often bound up with them. To suggest that Leo XIII. should undertake a critical examination of "the miracles of Lourdes and La Salette" is about as reasonable as the suggestion made, if we recollect aright, in the *Times* some years ago, that Victor Emmanuel should signalize his royal entry into Naples by ordering the phial of St. Januarius's blood to be subjected to chemical analysis. It betrays a strange lack of common sense to forget that there are cases where it is better to let ill as well as to let well alone. What a new Pope may fairly be expected to do, and what Leo XIII. does appear to be doing, is to discountenance the promotion and multiplication of superstitious fancies and observances. It would of course be absurd to imagine that he demurs to the teaching of his Church about the intercession of the Virgin and the Saints; but the omission of all reference to the subject in his address to the Cardinals and his advice to the Lenten preachers of Rome contrasts too markedly with the language of extravagant Mariolatry in which his predecessor habitually indulged, in season and out of season, to be easily regarded as accidental. Whatever, again, may be the exact truth about the rumoured elevation of Dr. Newman to the Sacred College, it is clear that there is a prevalent belief to that effect in ecclesiastical circles at Rome and elsewhere. The Pope is evidently anxious to reconquer by moral means for the Holy See and the Church it represents that moral authority which has been seriously discredited and imperilled by passionately clinging to the phantom of that temporal power to which it originally gave birth. How far he may succeed it would be very hazardous to predict, but it may safely be affirmed that his policy, rather than that of Pius IX., offers the only reasonable prospect of success.

A glance at past history may help to illustrate our meaning. Liberal Catholics are fond of pointing, for the true ideal of the Papacy, to the pontificate of Gregory the Great, who, without possessing or claiming any temporal sovereignty, exercised a wide and beneficent sway which few of his crowned and sceptred successors could emulate and none have surpassed. Milman treats Gregory I. as virtually the founder of the Papal sovereignty, though it was not till two centuries later that Charlemagne gave a kind of formal sanction to the claim after his Coronation by Leo III. in the basilica of St. Peter's. Gregory certainly became, to quote Milman's words, "in act and influence, if not in avowed authority, a temporal sovereign." And Mr. Bryce similarly speaks of his "doing more than any other to advance Rome's ecclesiastical authority by his writings and the

fame of his sanctity, by the conversion of England, and the introduction of an impressive ritual," to which must be added—what Milman especially dwells upon—the attitude of virtual sovereignty which he was almost constrained to assume in face of the Lombard invasion of Italy. But both writers are careful to point out that his ascendancy was gained "by means mild and legitimate and purely religious;" and indeed he was so far from aiming at it that to the last he pointedly disclaimed all right, except the right of necessity for the good of his country, to the temporal authority he was obliged to exercise independently of the feeble and corrupt Byzantine Court, and sometimes in opposition to it. He always professed himself the subject of the distant Emperor, and only excused on this plea the course "forced upon him by the purest motives, if not by absolute necessity," and by which alone "he could protect Rome and her citizens from barbaric servitude." It is obvious that a Pope who desired in the later years of the nineteenth century to emulate the example of Gregory the Great would for that very reason pursue a very different course of conduct from what was imperatively dictated to his predecessor by the condition of Italy at the close of the sixth. By a single-minded and zealous administration of his pastoral office Gregory was, against his will, forced into a virtual exercise of sovereignty, and the circumstances which suggested it also justified a policy which was afterwards abundantly ratified by its result and by the well-earned gratitude of his countrymen. In these days a Pope devoted to the discharge of pastoral duties would have every motive for avoiding all pretensions to the secular authority which Gregory was compelled to employ, and did employ to the great advantage of both Church and State, though he never claimed it. The particular relations of Church and State may vary, and have varied indefinitely, according to the changed conditions of time and place. It was the wisdom of Gregory I. to appreciate the state of the case in his own day, as it was the unwisdom of Pius IX. to ignore it. If Leo XIII. is to fulfil the dream of Liberal Catholics by restoring the moral grandeur of the pontificate of Gregory, it must be by frankly abdicating all pretence to wield a sceptre which in this age can only pierce the pontiff's hand who grasps it. Meanwhile it is quite conceivable that an appeal to the faith of the multitude to use their constitutional rights in defence of the interests of the Church might produce a strong Catholic reaction in Italy, though it would not be a reaction in favour of the Temporal Power. Such an appeal Pius IX. always consistently refused to make, but in the present Pope it would simply be a continuation of the policy of the late Archbishop of Perugia.

THE ALMANACH DE GOTHA.

WORK like the *Almanach de Gotha*, which combines the characters of an English Peerage and a Blue-book, and which has reached its hundred and fifteenth year, may be dealt with from more than one point of view. The name of this well-known publication, familiar as it is, hardly represents to the insular mind anything but an account of the reigning and princely families of Europe, though by far the largest part of the volume consists of a diplomatic and statistical annual, containing lists of "all the high functionaries of the principal States of the world," the diplomatic agents and consuls, with tables of commerce, population, and revenue. These details, so far as we have tested them, seem to be carefully compiled and very correct; but to most readers the entertaining and really valuable part is the first, which affords information of a kind exclusive in its way. Of late years some new features have been introduced. Among the distinguished families of Europe the English, Scotch, and Irish dukes are now included; and the mediæval princes of Germany have a distinct chapter to themselves.

The death of Pius IX. leaves the German Emperor the oldest reigning sovereign; while the longest reigns not yet terminated are those of the Emperor of Brazil and Prince Gunther of Schwarzenberg, both of whom succeeded in 1831, the former when only five years old. It is a curious example of the conventional meaning of language that the list of which he is thus "doyen" is that of the sovereigns of "Europe." Every one feels that he could only stand there or be put as the head and tail of a list composed of one name; but the fact gives a moral, as contrasted with a geographical, meaning to "Europe." If poor Maximilian had held on he would have appeared in the same category. Would Iturbide? *Per contra*, the Grand Turk does, and the Shah does not, figure in the European catalogue. It is not so easy to select the family which has been longest seated on a throne. The House of Bourbon, which used to reckon France, Spain, the Two Sicilies, and Parma among the possessions of its different branches, has now only Spain left. The Crown of England may be said to pass into a new line whenever the distant day shall arrive for the throne to be filled by the descendants of Prince Albert of Saxony. In Russia, as in England, the succession of female sovereigns has placed several different families on the throne within the compass of a few centuries. The present Czar, called "Emperor" in the *Almanach*, is a cadet of Oldenberg. The Emperor of Austria is a Lorraine, and his cousins, the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena, are both throneless. No Buonaparte now reigns anywhere, though the head of the family, genealogically speaking, bears the title of Prince of Canino, attached to an Italian estate purchased by Lucien Buona-

parte, which made his Republican opposition to his brother easier to keep up. On the whole, the Prince of Monaco and the new King of the "adjacent peninsula" may consider themselves the representatives of the two oldest reigning Houses in Europe. There seems to have been a Grimaldi at Monaco so far back as 968, and the House of Savoy mightily oppressed the Genevans all through the middle ages. Proud indeed is the altitude of the Prince of Monaco in the pages of the *Almanach de Gotha*, as a real complete sovereign of "European" standing, from which he can look with a contempt which has, we hope, a dash of Christian charity about it, upon the ambiguous personages who are remanded to the limbus of the third part to herd with their own Ministers and subordinates, stifled under heaps of statistics—such as the Princes of Roumania, Servia, and Montenegro, the Emperors of China, Japan, and Morocco, the Presidents of the United States and of Liberia, the King of the Sandwich Islands, and the Shah of Persia.

The small German princelings, with few exceptions, trace a descent from Witikind, and some of the clearest pedigrees among them are those of our own two Royal Houses of Brunswick and Saxony. The King of Hanover has ceased to reign, but the elder line of Brunswick-Lüneberg still holds its dukedom and rules a population of more than three hundred thousand souls. The King of Saxony and the Dukes of Weimar, Meiningen, Altenberg, and Coburg may reckon Belgium, Portugal, and, in a sense, England also, among the present possessions of their family. No other House has so many thrones, great and small, to its share at the present time. The Hohenzollerns and the Leiningens, three out of the four Hessian principalities, the Salm and the Schoenbergs, and many other families which not long ago sat upon little thrones judging the tribes of Germany, have been "mediatized" and become as other nobility. The *Almanach*, in the present edition, places these companions in misfortune by themselves, as neither great enough to be counted among kings nor small enough to be classed with Murats and Fitzroys and Tolornias, who are, in comparison, the children of yesterday. They have the title of "Serene Highness," we are told, and are considered worthy to mate with the actually reigning Houses. Thus the late Duchess of Kent (a Princess of Saxe-Coburg) was the widow of a Prince of Leiningen, and her grandson, the present Prince, is married to a daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden. On the other hand, these mediatized princes are able to contract alliances with the mere nobility; and, while Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, being the cadet of a reigning family, is only able to marrymorganatically the daughter of an English duke, his cousin, Prince Victor of Hohenzollern, better known as Count Gleichen, may marry in full form the daughter of a knight. The fact is, however, that the utmost confusion is to be found among the different kinds of Highnesses, and a very expert courtier might be puzzled to assign their exact rank to such potentates as the Dukes of Teck or the Princes of Battenberg. While the King of Wurtemberg is married to a daughter of the late Czar Nicholas, his sister has a plain count for her husband. The Duke of Teck has married an English princess, though his mother was only a Hungarian countess; and though Prince Charles of Hesse had a princess of Prussia for his wife, his brother, Prince Alexander, married the daughter of a Polish count. We believe that the House of Teck had what in England would be called a special "creation" to its actual dignity. Morganatic marriage is not, of course, acknowledged here, and its exact meaning, even in Germany, is somewhat obscure. For some years a very sharp line was drawn between the Royal Family of England and even the highest nobility. But it is not easy to see why an English prince or princess may marry the doubtful offspring of a German nobleman of princely descent, and not an English nobleman, of far larger fortune, of assured position, and of descent, in nine cases out of ten, from one of our older dynasties. No English duke and few English earls fail to trace their pedigrees to Edward III., and the fashion which made Henry IV. cousin to all the members of his peerage is certainly preferable to that which makes our Royal Family foreigners. It would have been hard to find among the Serenities of Neipperg or Salm, of Bentheim or Stolberg, a personage more worthy by birth and position than the heir of Argyll to match with a daughter of Queen Victoria. After all, the objections, if any, would be of the practical kind, both on the score of possible *invidia* and as alliance in the first generation and descent in later ones affected the formal and social status of the persons most directly interested.

Among the curiosities of the first part of the *Almanach* may be noted the names and surnames of the present King of Portugal. His Anglicized name is Dom Lewis, Philip, Mary, Ferdinand, Peter of Alcantara, Anthony, Michael, Raphael, Gabriel, Gonzaga, Xavier, Francis of Assisi, John, Julius, Augustus, Volfando of Braganza, Bourbon, Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. If he has a superfluity of names, the Princes of the two lines of Reuss simple and their kinsmen of Reuss-Scheiz-Kastritz have but one name, "Henry," among them, and are distinguished, according to their birth, by numerals; the reigning prince of the elder line being Henry XXII., of the junior line Henry XIV., while others are numbered up to LXXIV. and beyond it. The rule is that each successive son in each line takes the numeral next highest to that assigned to the son of his own line born before him, until a Henry XCIX. has been reached, when the next newcomer appears as Henry I. Among quaint titles are those of the Emperor of Austria, who calls himself King of Jerusalem, a title once borne by the late King Victor Emmanuel, who, before he assumed the crown of United Italy, was King of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem; those of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, who is called "Heir of Norway"; and those

of Prince Hohenzollern, who is "Burgrave of Nuremberg." The King of Denmark is King also of the "Vandals and Goths"; the King of Sweden is King of the "Goths and Wends"; the Duke of Mecklenburg, "Prince of the Wends"; and the King of Bavaria, Count Palatine of the Rhine, to which indeed he has a substantial claim, as the Palatinate is now included in his Kingdom.

A third division of the *Almanach* is concerned with those princes of Germany who are not entitled to be addressed as "Serene Highnesses"; and with the princely and ducal Houses of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Italy, with a few more, Russian, Greek, or Spanish. It is to be hoped that the particulars given of the Montmorencies and Borgheses and Bismarcks are more correct than those of our ducal families noticed. The compiler has adopted the same practice as Sir B. Burke in placing "Sir" before the Christian names of some of the dukes who happen to be baronets or knights. In one case we read of "Sir James Henry Robert Innes-Ker, sixième duc de Roxburghe, baronnet." The Duke of Sutherland is similarly described, but without the prefix of "Sir." The more ordinary mistakes and misprints are very numerous. The Duke of Beaufort is descended from the "fils légitimé" of Sir John Somerset, and he from John of Gaunt; the Duke is Baron de "Bottosout," and his eldest son bears among his names that of "Fitzroi." The Duke of Buccleuch descends from "Richard l'Ecosais," and his wife is Lady Charlotte Anne Thynne. The dukedoms of Lancaster and Cornwall occur in their alphabetical order; but those of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge are unnoticed. The Cavendish family was founded, not by the servant of Cardinal Wolsey, but by "Robert de Gernon, compagnon de Guillaume le Conquérant." In like manner the Fitzgeralds are descended from the Gherardini of Florence, and the Russells from the Norman lords of Roze. The Duke of Norfolk's first surname is "Fitz Allan." Mr. Bernal Osborne figures as "R. Bernard Osborne, Esq., M.P." Lady Helen St. Maur is married to Sir John Ramsden, of whom, with unusual precision, we are told that he is "propriétaire presqu'exclusif de la ville de Huddersfield (70,000 habitants)." One turns with greater interest to the notices of foreign nobility. The names occur of such great and ancient folk as the Caetani, the Colonna, the Odescalchi, and the Orsini of Rome; the Gramonts, the La Tremoilles, the Polignacs, the Rohans, and the Montmorencies in France; mixed up with names as great and as historical, but more modern, such as Borghese, Blücher, Gortchacow (or Gortchakoff), MacMahon, Berthier de Wagram, and Ypsilanti. It is not always possible to make out whether the family named is of the ancient blood in the male line or only by descent through alliances; but this short note is prefixed to the account of the present Duke of Montbazou:—"Maison princière qu'il ne faut pas confondre avec d'autres familles portant le nom de Rohan seulement par alliance et sans faire partie de la maison de Rohan." Among these false Rohans, we suppose, must be reckoned the Rohan-Chabots, of whom one, the lamented Count de Jarnac, was well known and deservedly esteemed in England. The other family has been long settled in Austria, where the princely rank of "Serene Highness" has been accorded to it. One cannot help a feeling akin to disappointment at reading that Anne, Duke of Montmorency, died without male issue in 1862, and, though others of the name remain, sons appear to be rare among them. Our readers may remember the excitement in the Faubourg St. Germain when a Talleyrand condescended to become a revived Montmorency by the dispositions of Napoleon III. It would be a pity that the title of the "Premier Baron Chretien" should become extinct. We seek in vain for the Rochefoucaulds, the only place in which we have lighted on the name being where the daughter of the Duke of Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, late Ambassador in England (not the real representative of the line of Rochefoucauld), is named as mother of the youthful Duke of Luynes. There is a Duke of Richelieu, and there are Dukes of Perigord and of Talleyrand, as well as a count who unites both names. In Italy few of the titles here enumerated appear to be of very remote antiquity. Titles, indeed, have a plus or minus value in the eyes of the really great families which is not to be understood here, where the title gives the seat in the House of Lords. It adds little or nothing to the nobility of a Caetano or a Colonna to be called duke or prince of some estate which only serves to obscure his family name. There are only three or four such families in Italy, but they were great before the modern use of the titles of duke or count was invented. This is emphatically the case in Spain, where a great marquess will be at the same time a little duke, and keep the fact in the background. So in France, Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were Counts of Provence and Artois, and Louis Philippe made his grandson Count of Paris.

It is only fair to our own nobility to remark that they stand very well beside those of other countries in point of antiquity, though it has long been the fashion to talk otherwise. Very few French families can trace a descent in the male line from the contemporaries and adversaries of stout John Talbot. There are not many honorary dukedoms in Europe, if any, which date before that of Norfolk, or even that of Somerset. The Courtenays of Devon, the Hastingses of Huntingdon, the Stanleys of Derby, the Nevilles of Abergavenny, the Devereuxes of Hereford, the Berkeleys of Berkeley, as well as such commoner families as Scrope and Ferrers, Sneyd, Bassett, and Harley, may take rank with any but the three or four old Roman, the two or three old French, the one or two old German noble families, which, below the rank of sovereigns, date from before the wars of the

seventeenth century or the questionable partialities of mediæval popes. In contrast to such modern titulars, De Courcy, Baron of Kingsale, in Ireland, holds by an unbroken male descent the peerage which was conferred in 1181 upon the son of that De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, who bore so important a part in the conquest of Ireland.

PALERMO.

TO the traveller who journeys with distinct historic objects, new ranges of research are constantly opening themselves. The passage of each great boundary, present or past, opens a new world, with new associations and often with existing monuments of a kind hitherto unknown. Doubtless the greatest of all such boundaries is passed when we first cross from our own island to the European mainland, from the island world of Britain to the wider world of Rome—from the *orbis Britannicus* to the *orbis Romanus*. Another such boundary is passed when we cross into Italy, or even, though less strongly marked, when we cross into the fully Romanized regions of Southern Gaul. At Arles we leave the world of Canterbury, Mainz, and Rheims almost more thoroughly behind us than we do at Milan. Another such boundary is passed when we look on the first true Hellenic building, even though it be on that Italian soil which has long ceased to be Hellenic. The whole of the lands beyond the Hadriatic are fenced off by another such boundary; Greece itself is fenced off by yet another. Has the first approach to Sicily any claim to be looked on as in the same way the entrance to a new range of thought and study? The island may perhaps seem, from two different points of view, to be either an appendage to Italy or an appendage to Greece. But if we look at Sicilian history by the light of those cycles in its course which we lately tried to trace out, we may perhaps think that, in approaching Sicily, especially in approaching its modern capital, we are entering a world which has as marked a character of its own, and which presents as marked subjects for reflection and comparison, as any of the other regions which our successive ranges have marked out. With Southern Spain Sicily has much in common. The twice repeated struggle between Africa and Europe, between Semitic and Aryan man, has gone on in both. And in actual monuments of her second race of Semitic occupants Spain has far more to show than Sicily. But what Sicily has altogether to herself is the state of things in which the Norman bore rule over the Greek and the Saracen and did not disdain to profit by the arts and civilization of both. It is a moment to be noted when we see our first Roman, our first Greek, our first Arabic inscription, in its own place and not in a museum. It is not the less striking, it is rather the more so, if our first Greek letters are read on an exarch's tomb at Ravenna, if our first Arabic letters are seen—whether read or not—over a Turkish gate at Trebinje. Each may in a sense be said to be a good deal out of its place; but that very aspect of them shows, in another way, how wide the place both of Greek and of Arabic is. But more striking than any of the three is the moment when we first see Latin, Greek, and Arabic graven side by side, as three official languages, each alike at home in the common country of all. The land and the age where this could be is parted off by some very marked characters from other lands and other ages. And there is but one land and one age where such a thing could be, namely, in Sicily under her Norman Kings.

The approach to Palermo will be to most travellers the approach to Sicily. Some indeed make their way into the island by a long journey all round the heel and toe of the boot, a way which has the advantage or disadvantage of bringing them in by the Greek side of the triangle. But the most obvious way of reaching Sicily from the greater part of Western Europe is to come to Palermo by way either of Marseilles or of Naples—Greek cities to be sure both of them, but whose ancient associations have vanished before the fatal gift of long-continued greatness. By this route we enter Sicily near its non-Hellenic corner; our first halting-place on Sicilian ground is the city which never was Hellenic, which was in two periods the centre of non-Hellenic influence in Sicily. Panormos, Palermo, though it is known to us only by its Greek name, is the city which the Roman won from the Phœnician, which the Norman won from the Saracen. Greek it never was in any more definite sense than that of being part of an island where Greek influences were dominant, or in that of forming part of the dominion of Greek-speaking Roman Emperors. This character was opened to it when Belisarius won the city from the Goth, and in this character it plays its part in the second period of struggle. But, fittingly enough, it was not Palermo, but Hellenic Syracuse, the champion of Hellenism against the Phœnician, which was the last Sicilian city to hold out against the Saracen, the first to be again for a moment won back from his rule. Landing at Palermo, we enter the greatest of Greek islands by a haven which is not Greek. We enter by the chief seat of Carthaginian, Saracen, Norman, and Spanish rule; but the first Sicilian city which we enter has never beheld either the freedom of a Greek commonwealth or the rule of a Greek tyrant. Syracuse and Akragas had masters who were at least their countrymen. Among the various races which have successively occupied Palermo, it is hard to say who were countrymen and who were strangers. But at any rate neither Normans, Swabians, nor Aragonese can be set down among the natural inhabitants of Sicily. It is safe to mark Syracuse as the city of native tyrants, Palermo as the city of foreign kings.

The Golden Shell, the city on the shore, its rich *campagna* spreading round it, the mountains which fence it in theatrically, the bold promontories which guard the two ends of the bay, form a site worthy to receive the capital of Kings who wore the youngest and the most brilliant crown of Western Christendom, of Kings whose coming ruled that Sicily should be part of Western Christendom and neither of Islam nor of Eastern Christendom. There before us, sitting by the waters, is the home of Roger and William the Good, the home which, with so many homes to choose from, was dearest to the heart of Frederick the Wonder of the World. But, on a first approach, there is nothing at all to force the historical associations of the city on the mind. No particular object stands out; there is no akropolis; no church or castle or tower soars conspicuously above all other objects. We know that the palace of Roger and the church of English Walter are there; but nothing guides us to them as the bell-tower of Spalato guides us from afar to the house and the mausoleum of Jovius. The same characteristic extends to the views of the city from various inland points; nowhere is there any object or group of objects which impresses itself on the whole as the ruling object. The king's palace and the tower of the metropolitan church are the loftiest objects, easily to be marked when the eye has become familiar to them; but they do not stand out as really dominant. The palace is the highest building, mainly because of the modern excrecence of the observatory which disguises the outline of the ancient tower. It is the largest building simply because of the Spanish additions which have forbidden the chapel of King Roger to be seen from outside. Perhaps what strikes most in a general view of Palermo is the singular abundance of cupolas and the singular lack of bell-towers of any kind. Of these last there are not many in the whole city, and those that there are are not prominent objects in the general view. As for the cupolas, there are cupolas in Palermo which are very precious to the historical student; but those are not the cupolas which show themselves in the general view. The works of the great days of Sicily, Byzantine, Saracen, or Norman, as we choose to call them, do not stand out as dominant objects; the cupolas which catch the eye are those of the endless churches and monasteries which arose in the days of Spanish bondage.

Few cities have positively changed so much without changing their site as Palermo has done. There is no *Albion*, no *Palaio* here. The ancient city, Phœnician, Roman, Saracen, and Norman, stood on the site of the busiest centre of the modern city. But the feature which was specially characteristic of the ancient city has utterly vanished. *Panormos*—*All-haven*—truly deserved its name. It was peninsular, but not peninsular like Zara or old Epidaurus or old Dyrhachion, like old Korkyra or modern Corfu. These sites are peninsular, with one, sometimes more than one, side of the peninsula stretching boldly into the open sea. Panormos is something intermediate between peninsular sites of this kind and inland peninsular sites like Lyons, Châlons, and Bristol. A haven with a narrow entrance parted asunder into two branches, leaving a peninsula between them. On that peninsula stood the old Panormos, a peninsular site between two little inland seas of its own, with two further peninsulas guarding the strait which formed the entrance of this the southern one, the New City of Polybius, the *Kalsa* of the Saracens, not very much smaller than the main Chersonesos itself. A double haven, a central city, suburbs on either side, that to the south strongly fortified, make us feel that the site ought to have been Greek. It was doubtless not Greek only because in those seas the Phœnician had forestalled the Greek.

This state of things seems to have lasted till after the days of the Norman Kings. Now the two havens are filled up, save a small survival, the Cala, at the entrance; the modern port of Palermo stretches quite beyond the old city towards Monte Pellegrino, the ancient Heirkte, the north-western horn of the bay. Streets and squares cover the places where fleets anchored of old; but the witness of the old state of things is left clearly enough in the lie of the ground. The main feature of modern Palermo is the crossing of the two great streets which meet at right angles at a *quatre-voies*—a *Carfax* in Oxford language—here known as *quattro cantoni*. There can be few cities of the same size which have a central point from which mountains are seen on three sides and the sea on the fourth. Of these crossing streets, that which runs east and west is as old as anything in Palermo, as old as the Saracens, likely enough as old as the Romans and the Phœnicians. Once Cassaro—the Arabic Kasr—then, like its fellow at Naples, Toledo, modern toadyism has turned it into *Via Vittorio Emanuele*. Toledo however it remains in ordinary speech. The street which crosses it, Macqueda, has been cut through a labyrinth of ancient streets in Spanish times; but Toledo, the long, straight, cross street, is a physical feature of Palermo. It has been lengthened to the east, right through the old haven and the outer peninsula, down to the outer sea. But in the greater part of its course it marks the backbone of the ancient peninsula. The eye soon finds that the Toledo is a rising ridge with declivities on each side. These are the sites of the two branches of the ancient haven. They are now dry land, marked only by the rise and fall of the streets. The ancient city, the suburbs beyond the havens, and the southern peninsula of the Kalsa, now form one continuous city, and the modern walls take in all. It is only the north-western point between the Cala, the vestige of the old haven, and the modern haven—the point covered, we cannot say crowned, by the castle, and known as Castellamare—which keeps any peninsular character. No great city has more utterly changed its physical geography.

Modern Palermo, in its general aspect Spanish Palermo, is widely different from the old Panormos for which Romans and Carthaginians fought, the city which Belisarius won from the Goth, and Robert Wiscard and the first Roger won from the Saracen. The Palermo of all these revolutions was the old city of peninsulas and forked havens. Of the Saracen city we can call up a fair idea. No actual Saracenic building is standing; but we know their style, as the Norman Kings went on building in it. And the Saracen occupation was the beginning of the position which Palermo has held for more than a thousand years as the head of all Sicily. Palermo became the chief seat of Saracen dominion, doubtless because Syracuse held out so much longer against the Saracen arms. The central peninsula was the main city; its point where the two havens join long kept the name of the Saracen market. But the quarter of the Emirs was the outer peninsula of the Kalsa. The fortified suburb beyond the southern haven, the Albergheria, was known as the quarter of the mosques. There they may have been thickest on the ground. And that must have been very thick indeed. Christian Palermo is crowded with churches, and Mussulman Palermo must have been yet more crowded with mosques. It was a point of honour with every true believer of any note to have a mosque of his own; the whole number is said to have reached five hundred. But the great mosque, which, as usual, had been a Christian basilica, and which afterwards gave way to the present metropolitan church, was not in the quarter of the mosques, but in the central city. This quarter of the mosques lies towards the river Oreto with its steep and craggy banks, overlooked by the monastery of Santo Spirito, the fields below which beheld the parallel of our day of St. Brice, the famous Vespers. The older outside suburb beyond the north haven was the unfortified Slavonic quarter. Let no one wonder at such a quarter in a Saracen city. Men of that race, *Slaves* in both senses of the word, play a great part in the history of the Western Saracens. As in other cases, the name doubtless came to be applied to others besides its original bearers; but the Slavonians of the Saracen times in Spain and Sicily seem to have at least begun by being real Slavonic captives, who played a part not unlike that played by the early Turks among the Saracens of the East. Modern Palermo has no Slavonic inhabitants to show; but it has settlers from the same side of Europe in the form of the Albanian colonists who sought shelter in Sicily from the Turk. They still remain a distinct people; but those who fled from the Turk have so far yielded to the Pope as to sit down in the intermediate and unsatisfactory condition of "United Greeks." Still they keep up the old connexion between Sicily and the peninsula, and there is a certain comfort in a Latin land in the sight of priests who have beards and wives as naturally as they would at Athens or Corinth.

The complete change in the geography of Palermo has had the natural effect of leaving hardly any early fortifications. The walls of the later city are nearly perfect; but what strikes the eye is mainly Spanish work, with mediæval portions here and there. Palermo has no *Porta Nigra*; it has not even such gates as Rome, Lincoln, and Aosta. Of the Phœnician, Roman, and Saracen city we can make out the topography and no more. The existing remains begin with the Norman Conquest—a form of words which has so different a meaning in Sicily and in England. But the Norman works in Sicily are Norman in no sense but that of having risen at the bidding of rulers of Norman descent. In Sicily the Norman learned his art from the Saracen, and the Saracen learned his from the Roman of the East. We are thus brought round, as ever, to the centre of European history. For three hundred years Sicily looked to the New Rome as the one seat of lawful power. And, through the veil of later times, the abiding influence of New Rome may still be traced on the earliest remaining monuments of Palermo. From a general picture of what Palermo is, we shall naturally go on to what Palermo and its immediate neighbourhood contains, the works which the Saracens raised at the bidding of the Norman, the works with which the Greek-speaking ravagers of old Greece adorned the capital of Sicily at the cost of Corinth, Argos, and Thebes.

DRAWING-ROOM VERSE.

IT is a pity that there is no name in English for the sort of poetry which people call *vers de société*. Perhaps the reason is that we have no society which cares for verses. The objection to the French term is that one scarcely ever sees it in French, and no person with a conscience can think of talking of "society verses." These poems, when they are written as they should be, have a charm which is peculiar to themselves. They only hint that passions exist in some ruder world; they have nothing to say about desperate loves; the jealous bard has no thought of poniards in his mind, and only dallies with his sword-knot. His heart seems as full of rifts as a vase of Oriental crackle, but is really sound enough, and not to be broken by the tap of a fan. Verses of this kind have flourished, like all other shapes of poetry, where they have found a fitting audience. The drama is robust only when all the world goes to the play, and didactic poems are only successful when people have the love of information, but lack the power of writing prose—a brief moment in the evolution of literature. Lyrics alone have the power of living out of their native air of music, and beautiful songs may still

be indited when no one thinks of singing anything but feebly sentimental trash.

The lighter sort of verse grows up naturally in times when courts and ladies play at being fond of poetry. There have often been such times, though, in an age when intellectual women try to be fond of physiology, it is rather hard to believe in the gayer state of things. Light verses, like serious ones, need a real inspiration, and cannot thrive on make-believe. To read the works of a juvenile poet one would suppose that his existence had been a series of emotional woes, if only there were any ring of earnestness in his tone. It is easy to see that he has feigned the sorrows about which he teaches a limited public in song. There is naturally the same want of genuine impulse in most of the lighter verses of the day. The minstrel does his very best to lend the charm of poesy to his lady's boots, or fan, or broken scent-bottle, or parasol. Unfortunately one feels certain that he has no actual boots in his mind's eye, that the object of his affections either does not exist, or, if she does live, never flirted a fan in the whole course of her blameless existence. The scent-bottle is no more broken than is the heart of the gloomier bard who rhymes of ghosts and graves. You cannot write successfully about lace and velvet and cocked hats when these things are out of fashion. You cannot offer your *envois* to a Queen of Hearts if there is no such reigning sovereign. All the old courtly songs were fashioned in ages when ladies and princes liked to have verses made for them, or pretended that they did. From the time of Thibault of Champagne to Voltaire's day French society was like a grove full of twittering, amorous birds. There was a constant music of verses, challenging and replying. Life was a dance, and the *ballades* and *rondels* were only the words of the dancing melody. Every lady expected these pretty compliments; kings received and returned them. Open Marot's verses where one will, one meets there addresses to beautiful women and men of station—"A Madame du Gaugier," "Au Roy, pour estrenes." Lines "à une dame de Lyon" are followed by "Response par ladite Dame." It is the same in the complimentary poems of La Fontaine addressed to Mme. Fouquet and others. Prior in England rhymed for people who cared for his verses. Many ladies, like the "fair Miss Mary," the "Child of Quality," commanded their suitors "to show their passions by their letters." Long after Prior, albums gave light verses an occasion and a home, and some of Mr. Thackeray's most successful lines were copied into these faded volumes of our grandmothers. All through the modern history of society the lyrical tennis was kept up, and the ball of rhyme tossed to and fro. We have taken to a more prosaic game, and use balls of indiarubber. Maidens would not know what to do with copies of complimentary verse, and, if they aspire to taste, they greatly prefer a ticket for a course of lectures on the liquefaction of gases. But they who aspire to taste are not very numerous, though their opinions are pronounced. Painting and music, and the mystery of designing encaustic tiles, divert them. The oldest of the arts are superannuated, and modish poetry has almost perished with pastorals and playing at the life of shepherds.

In this general indifference there are still persons who read printed poems of *badinage* and of daintified emotion, just as they read plays which they will never see put on the stage. It is wonderful how the old spirit and lightness are kept up, though the old inspiration has died; though Trissotin with his sonnet, and Mascarille with his madrigal, would now be more than ever ridiculous in actual life, though fribbles stop short before they reach impromptus, and only beguile their days with double acrostics. It even seems that light verse is taking what the Americans curiously call a new departure, is putting on strange forms of dainty antiquity. A volume called *Later-day Lyrics* (Chatto and Windus) lies before us, and has partly suggested these mournful reflections on modern indifference to minstrelsy. A good many things, not altogether pleasant, might be said about this volume. Mr. Davenport Adams has selected the poems from the works of living writers, and he has kindly arranged them with notes. The arrangement brings Mr. Adams himself to the front, with an intolerable *rondeau*, and then we are introduced to the lyrics of Mr. Hamilton Aidé. Then there comes Mr. Alfred Austin, with this surprising verse:—

Sweet Love is dead,
Where shall we bury him?
In a green bed,
With no stone at his head,
And no tears or prayers to worry him.

Here, to be sure, is a queer flower of what Mr. Adams calls "Britain's gold-branch'd poesy." The editor, almost cruelly, adds a note, "This may be compared with Miss Rossetti's lines 'An End';" and the comparison is indeed odious, for Miss Rossetti's lines are beautiful in their own style. Possibly other poets may complain of the patronage conferred in these too candid notes. It must be admitted that the collection brings together persons who would not otherwise meet. Some works of art gain by contrast, and Mr. Matthew Arnold's perfect verses on "Dover Beach" certainly lose nothing by being placed between lyrics of ladies and gentlemen not yet well known to fame. We do not intend, however, to criticize Mr. Davenport Adams's collection so much as to notice the old-fashioned forms of French poetry which some of his contributors have revived, and which Mr. Austin Dobson explains in a pleasant and learned little essay. Will light verse be made stronger or weaker, more popular or less popular, by being cast in the moulds of the *triolet*, the *rondeau*, the *ballade*? Has the "Chant Royal," with its five stanzas of eleven lines and envoi of five lines, all fashioned on the same five rhymes, any hope of a great future? It is certainly not an im-

possible thing to introduce alien forms of versification with happy results. Many of our accepted forms come from France and Italy. The sonnet, as every one knows, was brought in at the time of the revival of letters, and the sonnet has had a great career. Rondeaux, too, are found by Mr. Dobson to have been made by Wyatt, if we are not mistaken, and the Scotch and English contemporaries or successors of Chaucer tried to make *ballades* "whilk to their Prince they daily do present." This quotation alone shows how the fashion of things changes, and how what was once a compliment and a source of enjoyment has become a bore. One cannot imagine a modern prince revelling in *ballades* daily presented to him. At the same time, he probably receives "addresses" from Mayors and deputations and Societies every day, and a *ballade* or two might prove less tedious. Members of the Royal Family have at present an opportunity of encouraging a difficult and artistic form of song by making known their readiness to take *Chants Royaux* in lieu of eloquent loyalty in prose. This is perhaps the only chance of securing a natural, wholesome, old-fashioned environment in which the old French arrangements of rhymes may take root and flourish. Patronage, whether friendly and social or Royal (and remunerative), was the breath of their life. They have a poor chance when they are not sent hot from the poet's brain to the fair lady, who should lay them up in orris root, or the monarch, who should reward them with a pension.

Mr. Austin Dobson and some of his fellow-labourers struggle gallantly against the absence of a natural demand. We cannot quote in this place; indeed, the length of *ballades* makes it difficult to extract examples; but any one with an ear can take pleasure in the gay measure, the apparent ease with which difficulties are overcome in the "Ballad of Prose and Rhyme." This appearance of ease in the midst of difficulties is no doubt the charm of the *ballade*. There are so many rhymes to be found without any sign of straining the sense that the feat, when well performed, is agreeable, like any other exhibition of skill. The recurrence of the refrain, too, is a pleasant thing when cleverly managed, though in the *triolet*, a rather futile sort of lyrical squib, we have far too much repetition. Even in allowing these merits of the *ballade*, one foresees the dangers of its use. Difficult as it looks at first sight, it is really not hard to make a *ballade*. It is probable that many young persons will find this out in practice, and will hurry to the conclusion that, because their verses are novel in shape, and seemingly hard of accomplishment, they must be given to an indifferent public. Mere rhymes will be thought good enough to stand for sense, humour, and sentiment. Nothing in the volume before us is more amazing than the abundance of skill in twisting words and lines. If modern writers are artificial, they are also artful; and if they "know nothing, and are nowhere," at least, to continue the quotation, "they have a very pleasant way of showing it." Considering these things, it seems likely that the old French fashions will have their run like other fashions, and that much verse will be written which has nothing but rhyme to recommend it. Meanwhile, the workmanship of real masters will be enriched by some new methods, and the lighter poetry of modern England will gain some very charming and ingenious lays. If the writers of what is good in the antiquated shapes chose to compose in some familiar form, they would still write well. If their camp-followers did the same, they would still write ill. On the whole, the novelty is a gain, and the increased attention which is paid to style must do good in the long run. People may learn that blank verse is, after all, the most difficult verse to write, more difficult even than the *Chant Royal*. There exist two very remarkable specimens of that form in English, but it seems as if, in the nature of things, there were not room for many more. Solemn subjects, capable of grave allegorical treatment, are not so very easily to be found. One would not have Mr. Leighton to be for ever painting things like the *Daphnephoria*, and a successful *Chant Royal* reminds one of that kind of composition. One may grant to *ballades*, and perhaps to rondeaux, the merit that Mr. Dobson claims for them. They "add a new charm of buoyancy—a lyric freshness—to amatory and familiar verse, already too much condemned to faded measures and outworn cadences." It is in favour of the *ballade*, too, that the serious critics, who have no music in their souls, and who like a good round moral conveyed in the style of Sternhold and Hopkins—the people who, beholding the twin peaks of Parnassus, would

Build a pulpit on the one,
A platform on the other—

will always detest it, and be incapable of feeling its fascination.

A ROMAN SEA-BATHING PLACE.

THREE years ago there was great excitement in Rome over a magnificent scheme of public improvement. The Tiber was to be straightened and embanked, and its periodical inundations bridled; piers, wharves, and a harbour of refuge were to be constructed at the old port of Fiumicino, where the mouth of the river had been gradually silting up; and the renovated Fiumicino itself was to be united with the capital by railway. Garibaldi threw himself into the affair with his characteristic ardour; the Liberator of the Two Sicilies had a cordial interview with the papalino capitalist Prince Torlonia, who owns most of the land near the estuary of the Tiber, and the splendid promise of their

joint plans seemed in a fair way of realization. But difficulties that were unexpected, as well as difficulties that were foreseen, appear to have come in the path of the projectors. The patriotic excitement did not take the form of subscriptions of share capital; funds came in slowly; house-proprietors and archaeologists raised the cry of sacrilege when the ancient structures that totter on the river-banks were doomed by the engineers who directed the improvements; and the grand plans in their main features have been practically suffered to drop. But one of the subordinate proposals has been tardily carried into effect. The short section of railway has been laid down; it is only twenty-three kilometres in length, and runs all the way on nearly a dead level; and a new hotel is to be opened at Fiumicino, which is henceforth to take rank among the Roman watering-places. It appears that the Romans are greatly pleased with this new suburban outlet of theirs, and there is every prospect of the approaching season at Fiumicino proving a brilliant success. We cannot say that our recollections of the spot at all dispose us to envy its visitors; but then the recommendations of a watering-place are relative, and depend on the rival attractions which you may or may not have within reach. And, though Fiumicino may be dull, dingy, and dirty, though the neighbourhood cannot but be depressing and unwholesome, in spite of a certain cadaverous picturesqueness, yet we do not doubt that the place can be made to compare most advantageously with Palo, Ostia, or Civita Vecchia.

Although the territory immediately belonging to Rome stretches in a comparatively narrow strip between the range of the Apennines and the coast, few people are more unfortunately situated than the Romans in respect of sea-bathing and summer health resorts, while perhaps no people have more need of easy change to enlivening scenes and invigorating air. Rome is at best a city of the dead, so far as the residents are concerned who must live in it all the year round. Whether in the damp of winter or in the heat of summer, there is always the infection of decay in the air. You seem to have a flavour on your parched tongue of mouldy particles of crumbling mortar. You breathe the taint of the crypt or the charnel-house, or of the rank and rotting vegetation that has overrun some abandoned graveyard. You know that subtle diseases are stalking about you, especially since enterprise has been laying bare the old foundations in order to turn ancient cloacæ into modern drains, and to run up blocks of buildings for the accommodation of the new-comers. The most healthy quarters are said to be those where the air is kept in incessant movement by the lungs of busy crowds. Towards dusk, when you saunter out to enjoy the cool of the evening, the danger sensibly increases. As you take your late stroll in the pleasure-grounds on the Pincian you distrust the heavy fragrance that is breathed from the shrubs and flowers. The very gardens round the beautiful villas beyond the walls are gloomy in their sombre suggestiveness; and the black clumps of the funereal cypress and the dark round crests of the solemn stone-pines come in appropriately enough in that dispiriting variety of landscape-gardening. You know, too, that nothing is more delusive than appearances. Yet you are safer in the low-lying Borghese gardens than on those sunny heights round the Doria Pamphili villa, which should be ventilated by the breeze from the eastern hills. And of course, especially in the height of the hot season, it is as much as one's life is worth to be belated beyond the gates in the open Campagna. So that, in fact, the Romans are held, as it were, prisoners at large within the spacious circle of their mouldering walls.

Under these circumstances, the poor must manage as best they can in the absence of cheap excursion trains and shilling Crystal Palaces, of Roman Kews, Greenwiches, or Richmonds. If their lives are shortened by their unwholesome surroundings, they somehow contrive to make them tolerably merry by the help of visits in their frequent holidays to some dusty *osteria* beyond the walls. They have been accustomed to nothing else, and have nothing else to look forward to. It is the richer citizens perhaps who are most to be pitied; many of the romantic seats of the princes and nobles, in the sad solitude of their wastes and woodlands, are simply castles of gloom and *ennui*. There are bright and agreeable villas, it is true, on the smiling slopes of the Alban hills, though even these have their drawbacks. But the mass of the well-to-do middle classes—of merchants and shopkeepers in the enjoyment of considerable incomes, of the higher Government officials who are fairly salaried—have to content themselves in their short *villeggiatura* with such accommodation as they can procure in the picturesque mountain towns or in the so-called sea-bathing places on the low coast-line. If they have children to look after, they are likely to give the preference to the latter. For, although the bath is an unknown institution in the furnishing of an ordinary Italian household, yet the Italians believe greatly in sea-bathing and likewise in sea-air. The more is the pity that they should have to seek them under conditions that appear inexpressibly dismal to anybody who has known anything more cheerful. Conceive a frequenter of Scarborough or Heligoland, of Margate, Scheveningen, Trouville, or Biarritz, condemned for his sins to pass a couple of months of the summer at Civita Vecchia, or at this newfangled Fiumicino. We have tried Civita Vecchia ourselves, though only for a couple of days, and can speak feelingly on the subject. There may be a certain poetical charm in the shores of "the tideless sea" when you look down on it from the picturesque zigzags of some road in the Cornice. Precipices covered with the cypress and the myrtle seem to sink sheer down into the translucent waves, which

reflect each angle and outline in their silvery mirror. But things show very differently when you are living on the shore. There all the filth and refuse of an ill-drained Italian town accumulate on the shelving strip of shingle. A film of repulsive scum gathers on the surface of the water, and each gently-surfing wave that ripples shoreward in a calm brings with it dead cats and fish and every kind of floating impurity. As for bathing, you have to run the gauntlet of all that is nauseous, even if you are a strong swimmer and are striking out towards the open sea; but ladies and children who are floundering in the tepid shallows close in shore are absolutely defenceless against these horrors. Of the quarters to be got we cannot speak from experience. We never tried Italian seaside lodgings, and, indeed, we doubt how far they are procurable. But, judging from our experiences of the hotels and inns, we should say that, if they do exist at all, they must be something almost inconceivably bad. For the ordinary seaside inn is many degrees more dingy and odorous than the hostleries of a similar class in the high roads frequented by foreigners. The shadows of the dark staircase in some measure conceal the dirt, of which you are nevertheless made unpleasantly conscious by the grease and slipperiness of the steps. Moreover there are smells that come in as strong circumstantial evidence, blending with rank odours from the kitchen and fetid puffs from the drains and the stables. The *table-d'hôte* room is as bare of comfortable furniture as the bedrooms; and there is not a decent sofa or elbow-chair to be found between the basement and the attics, though Italy is especially the land of the *far niente*. The cookery would leave as much to desire as the cellars, even if the sea-air had put a sharp edge on your appetite. The meat is tough and lean and fibrous; the sauces heavy and greasy; the vegetables give one the idea of their having grown in swamps and among ruins in a malarious atmosphere. But it is next to impossible to get up an appetite. The air is hot, oppressive through the day, and tainted by all sorts of abominable essences. Exercise is well nigh out of the question, at least before the sun is declining; and then in the fleeting interval between the sun glare and the darkness, you are sorely puzzled how and where to take it. There is nothing like a regular promenade, of course. You get weary of making the round of the lifeless little harbour; the foul lanes and the side streets are simply impracticable. If you try to make your way into the surrounding country, the shades of night are beginning to fall before you have passed the enclosures and the unsavoury rubbish heaps. And should you have braced yourself for an expedition into the wilderness beyond, disease or death are in ambush for the stranger everywhere. No doubt there is a certain characteristic picturesqueness in the tracts of reed-grown swamps with sea-birds of many species hovering over them; in the tangled jungles of myrtle and lentisc; in the straggling clumps of lonely stone-pines; even in the plague-stricken patches of wheat and maize which break the monotony of the ragged pastures. But, as a rule, one's idea in repairing to the seaside is to take out a fresh lease of life and vigour; and it is difficult to indulge your admiration of the picturesque, when you feel that you may be qualifying for a sick-bed. As for the resources that might kill the interminable evenings, or while away the tedious hours of the siesta, there are none to be found. There is nothing that we should call society, and there is little apparent inclination for it. There are probably no booksellers' shops, and certainly no circulating libraries. There is no reading-room where you may lounge in for a look at the daily papers; and indeed the Italian journals, even in the most exciting times, rather provoke the appetite than allay it. On the other hand, you have not even the melancholy consolation that, if you are suffering, at all events you are saving your money. At most heaven-forsaken places where you are wearied to death, you enjoy the best of all they can afford for next to nothing; and the natives, as if in gratitude for your presence among them, do their utmost to anticipate your wishes. But as there is a rush for the accommodation in these Italian watering-places, the charges are usually extortionate and the landlords autocratic and overbearing.

Fiumicino may possibly show some points of novelty. When there is such infinite room for improvement, it is reasonable to hope that improvement will be made. A comfortable hotel will be an unfamiliar luxury; and should the landlord have learned his business, he has capital cards to play. But the environs of the place, if we remember them aright, are as sad and as insalubrious as those of many of its older rivals. We should fancy the bathers would very soon tire of their wanderings in that dreary waste of sandhills, or even of admiring the quaint quadrangular light-tower erected by the munificence of Clement XIV. in the last century. On the whole, we should say that the chief of its attractions would be the easy railway journey to Rome, whence in summer you might return even to a spot like Fiumicino with the pleasant feeling of making a change for the better.

THE MASONS' STRIKE.

THE failure of the masons' strike is calculated to teach Trade-Unionists a lesson which we trust will not be entirely lost upon them. Begun without provocation, at a moment the most inopportune, the struggle has ended by furnishing the clearest proof that combination is powerless to advance wages when the state of the market is not already tending to produce that result. A variety of circumstances has given to the building trade an exceptional

and long-continued prosperity, which even the severe depression of the past four years has not been able seriously to check. The extraordinary growth of the towns in consequence of the modern organization of industry, the progress of sanitary science, the clearances effected by the extension of railways in cities, the conversion of the central portions of our great commercial centres into warehouses and offices, and the construction of factories of all kinds, have long been giving a strong stimulus to building. Of late a new impulse has been given by the Education Act, the carrying out of which required the erection of schools and school offices all over the country, and by the Artisans' Dwellings Act. And the discredit into which foreign loans have fallen has had the same tendency by raising the value of houses. While other trades were languishing, the masons saw their own business brisk, and they thought they could exact a larger share of the profits. The desire to better themselves was most natural. It would appear from inquiries instituted by Mr. Brassey, that masons' wages have not risen as much as might be expected from the prosperity of the trade. Within the past thirty years the wages have advanced only from thirty shillings a week to thirty-nine and fourpence halfpenny—an augmentation of no more than thirty-one and a half per cent. Considering the great enhancement in the same period in the price of meat, vegetables, cheese, butter, coal, shoes, and, above all, in rents, the improvement in the pecuniary position of the mason cannot be very great. It is true that during the same time the hours of labour have been shortened from sixty to fifty-two and a half hours per week, which is a reduction of twelve and a half per cent. Assuming that the seven and a half hours thus placed weekly at their disposal are spent in self-improvement or reasonable recreation, this preference of leisure to money is creditable to the men. Still it is to be borne in mind that the reduction of the hours of labour adds as much to the cost of labour as a proportionate increase of wages would do. The master builders in fact pay forty-four per cent. more by the hour than they did thirty years ago, although the masons receive in the week only thirty-one and a half per cent. more. The figures prove that the desire of the men to better their condition was not unreasonable. Where they put themselves in the wrong was in demanding the advance at an improper time, in endeavouring to carry it by means of a strike, and in framing the demand in an unreasonable spirit. Had they waited until business generally again became active, a rise of wages must have taken place. By engaging in an inopportune contest, they have widened the area of competition, and have thus endangered their future. Their cardinal mistake was that they did not appreciate the real state of the market. They thought that fellow-workmen would not underbid them, and that consequently the masters must yield. They have been undeceived by bitter experience; but, had the officials of their Union been better informed, the men would have escaped all this suffering. Ignorance, then, was the real root of the strike. The fact illustrates the wisdom of Mr. Brassey's recommendation to the Trade-Unions, to spend less in contests and more in trying to understand the real condition and prospects of the trades in which they are engaged. By so doing, they would promote their own welfare, and further the interests of industry.

The blindness of the masons in selecting a time of universal depression for pressing their demands is astonishing. They are an intelligent body of men, and their general self-restraint and respect for the rights of others while the shops they had deserted were being filled with foreigners are highly to their credit. There have been exceptions, but it is only fair to say that they were exceptions. Evidently they went into the dispute in the honest belief that the right was entirely on their side. Yet it is difficult to understand how they could expect to win when wages were falling all over the country, and when abroad the distress was so great that the immigration from the United States overbalanced the emigration thither. Unfortunately, they refused to believe that the laws which govern the value of all other commodities likewise regulate that of labour, and consequently they insisted upon the demand for a further shortening of the hours of work and an advance of wages. Had it been granted, the cost of labour in the building trade would have been increased about one-sixth. Even in the inflation period so great an augmentation all at once would have been startling; at a time of falling prices the demand was preposterous. The working classes themselves would have been the severest sufferers from its success. Already the exorbitant rents they have to pay press heavily upon them; were the cost of their dwellings to be still further increased, the injury they would suffer would be very serious. To all these considerations the masons shut their eyes, and, when their employers refused their request, they went out on strike. The masters retorted by importing workmen from the United States, Canada, Germany, and Italy, and also by bringing up aid from the country. Altogether, it is said they brought to London, at a cost of over ten thousand pounds, somewhat less than a thousand men, of whom the foreigners and Canadians did not quite number six hundred. The Strike Committee met this bold move by an appeal to the class feelings of the new comers, and the offer of a free passage home. The appeal was successful in a large number of cases; the whole of the Canadians joined the strike, and so did a considerable proportion of the Americans and Germans. After a while, however, the strike funds began to fail; the offer of high wages attracted masons from the country, more particularly from Glasgow, and the blandishments of the Strike Committee failed to draw away the new arrivals. The

contest was then practically decided. The strike was protracted for many weeks still; but all hope of victory had vanished. Any slight concession would have been accepted; none was made, and the men at length had to surrender at discretion.

The lesson thus taught is instructive. The men had been preparing for the strike for over a year and a half; they had amassed a considerable fund, which was liberally supported during the struggle; they belonged to an exceptionally prosperous trade, which could not be recruited from the unskilled ranks; and their conduct during the strike was on the whole free from blame. The experiment upon which they entered was, therefore, fairly tried. Yet, in spite of all these advantages, the masons never had a chance of success. It was proved, when the question was referred to open competition, that they were receiving the fair market wages, for numbers of men came forward to work on the terms with which they were discontented. Had they been beaten by the importation of foreigners alone, the lesson would not be so valuable. It would give a much-needed warning, indeed, but still foreign importation is not always practicable, nor always expedient. In reality, the importation of foreigners had little direct effect. About two thousand men went out on strike, and, as we have stated above, less than six hundred were imported from abroad, while many of these deserted soon after landing. The importation, nevertheless, had an effect on the imaginations of the men all over the country, and overcame their unwillingness to compete against fellow-workmen on strike, which at first was very strong. It was not until October that masons from the country began to come up to London at their own expense to offer their services. This immediately decided the dispute. And we hope it will convince Trade-Unionists generally that, when the demand for labour is not sufficient to raise wages, no organization can prevent competition. It would be very interesting to learn to what causes is due the smallness of the foreign importation; whether to the difficulty of inducing foreign masons to come here, or to their proved inferiority on trial to English competitors. The subject has an importance far higher and wider than any to which a small local dispute can lay claim, as it bears directly on the great question of the efficiency of foreign competition. It is to be hoped, now that the strike is over, that the master builders will furnish full information. In the meanwhile, the defeated masons, having exhausted their society funds, having wasted their own savings, having forfeited the earnings of thirty-three weeks, and having exposed their families to want and suffering, are obliged to beg the employers, whose business they damaged and whose contracts they imperilled, to take them back on the old terms. They will be fortunate if, as we hope, their prayer is heard. It is said that the expenditure of the Strike Committee reached thirty thousand pounds, half the amount having been accumulated in preparation for the struggle, and half contributed by masons in work. How much the men themselves spent we do not know, but probably we shall not err on the wrong side if we assume that their outlay was not much smaller than that of the Committee. If so, all the savings of the Union, an equal amount of savings of allied unions, and the whole savings of the men engaged in the strike, have been thrown away. In addition, all that might have been earned, but was not, during three-and-thirty weeks of idleness has been forfeited. And all this loss has been endured for nothing, or rather for worse than nothing. For on returning to work the men will find themselves in the lowest rank instead of the foremost. The best thing that can be desired now, in the interests alike of the employers and of the men, is that there may be an end of all ill-feeling and heart-burning on both sides, and that nothing of the late unhappy contest may be remembered except the practical lessons which it ought to have taught.

HERR MORITZ'S SHYLOCK.

AMONG the most curious things which fall under the daily observation of a reader of newspapers may be counted the vagaries of criticism. It would appear to any one who took the trouble to collate the criticisms of one year with those of the next touching the same things and the same people that the critics are "fellows of the strangest mind in the world," for their notions shift and change with the beautiful rapidity of colours in a kaleidoscope. One season there is a general onslaught on the mannerisms of a distinguished actor; the next these are either passed by in decent silence or praised as points worthy of the highest admiration. Some time ago there was a general chorus of indiscriminate applause for Signor Salvini; and we are now suddenly told on almost every side, what was said in one or two quarters at the time of his appearance, and then generally regarded as a pestilent heresy, that, in spite of his great gifts and accomplishments, Signor Salvini could not represent the Othello of Shakspeare. Lately we have been astonished to learn that Herr Moritz, who came here with a considerable reputation gained on the German stage, has absolutely no merits upon which such a reputation can be founded. One daily paper, which is supposed to be the special organ of fashion, has dismissed the actor's performances with the elegant statement that he murdered Shylock with the same bludgeon that laid Othello low. This kind of stuff, whatever it may be, is certainly in no sense criticism; nor would it perhaps be a desirable style of condemning an actor even

if his efforts were utterly vain. We have no wish to exalt Herr Moritz as a player of surpassing merit; we have seen him in both the parts which he has played, and discovered in his performance and method many defects, the most unfortunate of which is an imperfect cultivation of his power. That he does possess a certain power we have been convinced as much by his Shylock as by his Othello; but we certainly should never have discovered the fact from reading the accounts given of him by most of the daily papers. Herr Moritz was, we are inclined to think, ill advised in attempting to play Shakspeare in English; but it is not known that the making such an attempt is in its very nature an insult to the English stage, nor was it so considered in the case of M. Fechter, whose mastery of the language was certainly not greater than Herr Moritz's. The new actor's name was won in Germany, and if he had appeared here with a German company he would in two ways have had a better chance of doing justice to his talent. He is presumably more at home in the German than in the English text; and the style of his acting, which is distinctly German, would probably have seemed less strange and horrifying to his judges if they had seen it carried out on a large scale. Herr Moritz, however, chose to play in English, and thus no doubt burdened himself with the risk of falling into a false emphasis and intonation.

Whether Herr Moritz did wisely in selecting Shylock for his second appearance may well be doubted. The *Merchant of Venice* is a play which wants very careful handling to save it from appearing dull in representation, and the exquisite beauty of its mounting at the Prince of Wales's Theatre has spoilt London playgoers for any "scratch" rendering of the play. That, as we were told by the same critic who invented the pretty metaphor about a bludgeon, the general effect of the performance at the Queen's Theatre was altogether contemptible, we are not prepared to admit; but it is certainly true that it was not strikingly impressive. Under these conditions it becomes the more necessary for an actor who plays Shylock to enchain the spectator's attention whenever he is on the stage; and it cannot be said that Herr Moritz succeeded in completely doing this. In one scene of his Shylock, as in one of his Othello, he rose to a remarkable height of passion; and in his acting of the trial scene, with which the play was ended, we found much to commend. Here we may pause for a moment to observe that one of Herr Moritz's critics has found fault with him for going through the conventional business of, among other things, whetting his knife on his shoe. It would, no doubt, be a striking departure from tradition to omit this action altogether, and it would give greater weight to the description of Gratiano as a man who "speaks an infinite deal of nothing," inasmuch as his somewhat feeble pun—

Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen—

would in that case have no point at all. The proposed alteration will perhaps recommend itself to the New Shakspeare Society.

To return, however, to Shylock and Herr Moritz. The cardinal fault which we have to find with the actor's conception of the character is that, following a modern, and to our thinking a false idea, he attempted rather to enlist sympathy with Shylock by making him, except at certain moments, eminently respectable. He had the appearance and manner up to a certain point of a wealthy Jew merchant of Amsterdam (where the Jews were not persecuted), and not the least that of a man who was accustomed to be flouted and scorned, and who had been born to a heritage of hate and malignity against the persecuting race. This was more or less the view taken by Herr Jaffé, an actor of great power and skill, whom we saw play the part at the Dresden Hoftheater; and it may perhaps be presumed that it is the general view of the German theatre. According to Schlegel, Shylock is "a symbol of the general history of his unfortunate nation," and yet "everything but a common Jew"; but then Schlegel, if we may dare to utter such a thing, was in one respect not unlike Gratiano. Anyhow, it seems to us that giving a dignity not so much of emotion as of circumstance to Shylock is a complete mistake. To take only one objection to it, it makes his conduct in the insistence on his bond utterly preposterous. That a man whom we have seen throughout displaying a rancorous hate and malignity, which he only hides to serve his own purposes by the pretence of a merry jest with his oppressors, should be resolved to have his pound of flesh, would not astonish us. But when a respectable elderly merchant, the kind of worthy Rabbi whom Rembrandt has painted, suddenly becomes a ferocious and blood-thirsty miscreant, our credulity is tried too far. There would be more consistency in playing the part as it used to be played before the days of Macklin, as a grotesque low-comedy ruffian, a kind of survival of the child-eating Jew of the middle ages. In those days it may be presumed that Shylock was not in any way the central figure of the play; and we doubt if he was originally intended to take anything but an episodic part in it. From Herr Moritz's acting in the early scenes one might have supposed that he took this view of the situation, so little effort did he make at being impressive. There is some merit in a player's unwillingness to thrust himself unduly forward, but there is none in his carrying this principle so far as to deliver important lines with mere idle repetition. This, whether from intention or want of skill, Herr Moritz did in the speech in which Shylock proposes the bond to Antonio, which was given without any indication of meriment on Shylock's part, and with the kind of respectable bitterness which the actor wore throughout the scene. Had Shylock actually made his proposition in such a

manner, it is quite certain that Antonio would not have accepted it. The scene to which we have referred as conveying a sense of the actor's power was the first of the third act, when Shylock comes in lamenting the flight of Jessica, and glorying in the prospect of revenge on Antonio. The long speech beginning "To bait fish withal" was given with an intensity of triumphant hatred which made itself felt in spite of certain defects of utterance, and in the reference which the Jew makes to the turquoise ring which he had of Leah when he was a bachelor, and which he would not have given for a wilderness of monkeys, there was a depth of feeling and pathos which we had not previously thought Herr Moritz capable of reaching. The intensity of hate and malignant joy was well kept up through the trial scene, and the utter breakdown of the whole man when his scheme falls to pieces was finely conceived. But Herr Moritz somewhat marred the effect of this, as Herr Jaffé did, by blundering and staggering off the stage like a drunken man. Whether so complete a physical prostration would be consistent with the character of Shylock in the abstract we need not stop to inquire; being convinced that it is not consistent with that of the Shylock shown to us by Herr Moritz in the rest of the scene.

Herr Moritz's appearance in this part has shown us that much of the awkwardness of his gesture in *Othello* was due to nervousness, and that he has a command of pathos as well as of forcible declamation. But his action is wanting in variety, and his general method is, to English eyes, certainly unfinished. We conceive that, with more study, he might well become an actor of remarkable power, and we must regret that his appearance was somewhat rashly undertaken, and that it has been treated by too many of his critics as if it were an impertinence which had to be met by insult.

REVIEWS.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE STAAL.

"THESE Memoirs," says Miss Bathurst in her preface, "were first published in 1755, on the decease of the Duchesse du Maine, five years after the death of the writer, and when the Baron de Staal was still living. Another edition was issued in London in 1767, and in the present century they again appeared in a collection of old memoirs edited by M. Barrière." To the fact of their republication by Barrière is due that essay of Sainte-Beuve in his *Derniers Portraits* which is what has made Mlle. Delaunay's name not unfamiliar to the ordinary reader; for Barrière and Sainte-Beuve were writers in the *Débats* together, and the essay appeared in that paper in 1846. In France, no doubt, her name has always been well known; Sainte-Beuve speaks of her as of a writer whom all the world had read, and brackets her name with "ces noms si connus de Mmes. de Lambert, du Deffand, de la Maréchale de Luxembourg." But in England, where the eighteenth century is little studied except in a few great names, most of these women, so famous in their day and in their country, are quite unknown. Miss Bathurst, therefore, who has for the most part performed her task very well, has done a real service in translating these Memoirs so original, so characteristic of their country and their age, so true an image of the society that grew out of the system and ideas of Louis XIV.

It seems to have been unknown in her lifetime, and even till nearly a century after her death, that the famous Mlle. Delaunay had no right to be so called, but that she was the daughter of a certain M. Cordier, who, "pour quelque cause qu'on ne dit pas," exiled himself to England. His wife resigned both him and his name, and herself and her children were thenceforward known by her maiden name of Delaunay. The author of the Memoirs was born in 1684; in 1711 she entered the service of the Duchess du Maine; in 1719 she became implicated in the disgrace of the Duchess, and was imprisoned in the Bastille; in 1734, in her fifty-first year, she married the worthy but uninteresting Baron de Staal, and she died in 1750. Those few dates mark all the outwardly important events that a biographer can discover, but Mlle. Delaunay is not one of those persons whose interest consists in the events in which they take part. To a certain extent, no doubt, the events and circumstances are interesting; there is the interest of the unfamiliar in these interiors of convents and prisons; there is comedy in these bedchamber conspiracies, where the very fabric of society is to be shaken and the bonds of nations to be broken in order that the Duke du Maine may be replaced in his rightful position of legitimized bastard. But the chief pleasure of the reader comes from the thoughts, the style, the never-failing precision of touch—in fact, from the whole mental attitude of the writer; from the stoical firmness with which she bears the ups and downs of fortune, taking the good as though it were her due, and the evil as though it made no difference. Villemain, in the pages of clear-cut criticism which he devotes to Mlle. Delaunay, pronounces unfavourably upon her character:—"Avec beaucoup d'esprit et d'élégance, elle a le pli de sa condition; c'est une soubrette de cour, mais une soubrette." But this estimate is too severe; it is unfair. It loses sight of her extraordinary independence of mind, of

her firmness under trial; it forgets the education of books and life which she had gone through before she entered the service of the Duchess; it confuses her fidelity to herself and her sense of honour with fidelity to her mistress. Mlle. Delaunay was a waiting-woman, it is true, and she herself made up her mind that the mark of her condition was indelible. But the only way in which it appears in the Memoirs is in mere externals, through which it is not difficult to pierce and to see below the woman, "without beauty it is true, but sought out for her mind's sake by all the most distinguished men of her time, sung by Chaulieu, admired by Fontenelle, flattered by Voltaire."

"My experience," says Mlle. Delaunay, "is exactly the reverse of what is seen in novels, where the heroine, brought up as an humble shepherdess, becomes an illustrious princess. In my childhood I was treated as a person of distinction, and in course of time I discovered that I was nobody, and that nothing in the world belonged to me." The story of her childhood and youth is indeed an odd one. Her mother, "weary of a foreign country," left M. Cordier to spend his exile in England alone, and herself found a refuge with Mme. de la Rochefoucault, Abbess of St. Sauveur at Eyreux. Here the little child made her way into the hearts of two dispossessed Urbanist abbesses, Mesdames de Grieu, who were likewise taking refuge at St. Sauveur. Mme. Cordier seems to have made as little difficulty about resigning her child as she had made about resigning her husband, and from that time we hear little more of her; her daughter, who inherited from her the gift of easily dropping her relations, thinking and speaking but little of her, or of the other daughter, or of the father in England. When Mme. de Grieu was, a few years afterwards, appointed to the Priory of St. Louis at Rouen, the little Delaunay-Cordier went with her; indeed it had been mainly in order to find a better settlement for this fascinating and absorbing damsel that the efforts necessary to get this Priory had been made. Here is the account of the convent, a kind of parody by anticipation of Seaux, as Seaux was a parody of Versailles:—

The convent of St. Louis was like a small state, in which I reigned as sovereign. The abbess and her sister thought only of forestalling my wishes and gratifying my whims. I was lodged in the abbess's apartments, which was pleasant and comfortable. Four people, nuns and lay sisters, were employed to wait upon me, and were fully occupied by the number and variety of my behests. We have many wants when we are under no restraint. The abbess's nieces, whom, out of deference for her family, she had taken with her, were obliged to toady me, although much to their disgust, and all the house was forced to pay me a sort of court. As everybody I saw was subject to me, I did not consider it necessary to show the slightest complaisance to any one, not even to the ladies whose blind affection had erected this little empire for me.

This sort of life went on for seven or eight years without a break; at least Mlle. Delaunay (who is never very precise in the matter of dates, thinking, with her most recent critic, that "dates seldom fall gracefully from the pen of a woman") speaks of being about seven years of age when it began, and about fourteen when she first inspired a feeling, half of curiosity half of tenderness, in M. Brunel, "a man of considerable talent." His interest in her, or at least his curiosity, is justified when we hear that she had already by this time studied Descartes and "thought she understood" the author of the *Recherche de la Vérité*. M. Brunel's was the first of that endless series of friendships with men of mark and ability which forms the staple of her history. The Abbé Vertot, M. de Rey, and M. Brunel were the friends of this epoch—the epoch of first youth, reaching, it appears, from her fifteenth year to beyond her twentieth. Never were stranger relations than those existing between the clever and really homeless girl (for the nuns conspired against her as against one unjustly favoured at their expense, and got an order for her retirement from the Archbishop of Rouen), and the provincial men of genius. M. de Rey, the pink of delicacy, was for supplying her with funds for an establishment of her own, while, to avoid all scandal, he, being already married, undertook never to see her again. The Abbé de Vertot, she says, "descanted upon my merits to the booksellers from whom he bought books," and even wanted to settle upon her the money he had intended for an annuity for himself. In effect, she had fascinated these middle-aged gentlemen, as she afterwards fascinated the octogenarian De Chaulieu. She accepted their interest in her, but did not return it. Her turn, however, was to come. A visit to the château of her friend Mlle. de Silly's family brought her in contact with the Marquis de Silly, to whom alone she attributed an "agreeable countenance," and "a certain noble air quite different from anything I had yet seen." Common report says that the Marquis, who was already thirty-six years old, was of a hard, ambitious nature; Grimm even calls him an unamiable pedant. It is certain, however, that he captivated his sister's guest; and for the perfect telling of this old story we would advise our readers to turn to the few pages in which Mlle. Delaunay describes her absorption in him, his indifference, and her resentment; the explanation; the walk across the meadow, in which she "enjoyed the ineffable happiness known only to those who are capable of resisting the impulses of their hearts"; the misery of his departure, at which, she says, "my eyes, accustomed to see him, now looked at nothing. I did not vouchsafe to speak, as he was not there to hear me. I believe that I now ceased to think—it me semble même que je ne pensais plus." She ceased to think; a fit climax, as Sainte-Beuve has said, to the trouble of a soul that was above all things philosophic. "This absence of thought is the most violent symptom to any one who has begun by saying, 'I think, therefore I am.'"

This first stage of Mlle. Delaunay's life was brought to a sudden close by the death of her abbess, Mme. de Grieu. Thrown on the

* *Memoirs of Madame de Staal de Lavanay*. Written by herself. Translated by Selina Bathurst. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1877.

world, "with nothing but the air she breathed," the question of daily bread confronted her. The Abbé de Vertot, M. Brunel, in fact all her old friends, offered her money, but to no purpose. At last, after adventures the comedy of which is immensely heightened in the telling, she is taken up by that most enthusiastic of great people, the Duchess de la Ferté. In the original French—her French is ranked by all critics as first-rate—nothing can be more delicious than the story of her visit to Versailles in company with the Duchess, who is persuaded that nobody in the world is equal for talents and knowledge to her newly-found prodigy. Here is Miss Bathurst's rendering of part of the scene:—

Madame de la Ferté had talked so much of me already that I was gazed at as an object of curiosity, and a number of people wanted to see me, examine me, and question me. To finish my day, she insisted that I should attend the King's supper, and when she had discovered me among the crowd, she pointed me out to the Duc de Bourgogne, to whom she descended during part of the supper on my talents and supposed learning. She did not stop there. The next day, having gone to the Duchesse de Noailles, she summoned me to join her. I came. "There," she said, "is the person of whom I spoke to you, and who has such a great intellect and knows so many things. Come, Mademoiselle, talk. Madame, you shall see how well she talks." She perceived that I hesitated, and thought she must help me, as one suggests an air to a singer making her preludes. "Say something about religion," she continued, "and then you shall talk of other things." I was more confounded than can be described, and I cannot even remember how I got out of the difficulty. Probably it was by denying the talents she imputed to me, and I believe I got off better than I deserved.

Something like this ridiculous scene was repeated in other houses to which I was taken. Thus I found I was to be led about like a monkey or any other animal that plays tricks at a fair. I could have wished the earth to open and swallow me up rather than continue to enact such a part.

The natural result followed before long—a quarrel, a rupture, and a revenge on the Duchess's part of a degree of meanness that would be incredible if we did not know that it was not without precedent in such a society as that of the Regency. The Duchess could not forgive one who had avowed a preference for another household over hers; and she set herself to humiliate Mlle. Delaunay by making her accept the position of a waiting-maid to the Duchess du Maine:—

I looked upon this event as my ruin [says Mlle. Delaunay], and felt that the indelible character of a lady's-maid would prohibit any return of fortune. However, there was no means of escape. I could not belie the negotiation I had made to enter the service of the Duchesse du Maine, nor insist on terms with a person of her position. I found myself hated by the Duchesse de la Ferté as much as I had formerly been beloved, without help and without resource. There was nothing for it but to submit to the yoke.

It is at this point that the really valuable part of the Memoirs begins, where the writer describes for us, with the nicest observation and the most perfect sincerity, what life was in the circle of semi-royalty and the higher aristocracy under the Regent Orleans. It was impossible that a person of her talents should long remain a mere lady's-maid in the household of any one so clever, if so eccentric, as that never-resting intriguer for small ends, the Duchess du Maine. Accordingly we soon hear of the end of the period of blunders during which the short-sighted and unhandy maid poured the water over her mistress, or took up the powder-box by the top, the purse by the bottom, the parcel of trinkets by the middle, to the detriment of powder, louis-d'or, and trinkets. Of longer duration was the period of hardships, of chilly dens to sleep in, of jealousy and vulgar insults put on the new-comer by her fellow-servants. Not even the discovery of her acquaintance with Fontenelle, and the vogue which she gained by a letter to him (p. 110), could bridge over the gulf between the Princess and the waiting-woman. The Princess used her, flattered her, enjoyed the *fêtes* which this wonderful lady's-maid prepared, and left her just as comfortable as before. It really was a change for the better when the patience of the Regent broke down, and his plotting relative, her husband, and all her suite, were ordered into confinement—some in the Bastille, some in various châteaux under guard.

Mlle. Delaunay found it much more pleasant in prison with her little maid Rondel for a companion, with the Lieutenant-Governor Maisonrouge devoted to her every wish, and with a lover less inaccessible, if not more admirable, than the Marquis de Silly, in the Chevalier de Menil. Viewed seriously, however, and from this latter aspect, this is the saddest part of her life; the two men with whom she was brought in contact in this strange prison life were so different in point of merit, the one so noble, the other so frivolous, the one so selfish, the other so disinterested, and she chose the worse one. Here at last was a chance of happiness for her, after her false and artificial life; here at last was a hope of a worthy ending and a future better than that of the dullness, "where there is nothing to see that pleases and nothing to do that amuses," which was in store for her. Alas! "she with so firm a soul, so clear a mind, is but the sport of an unworthy passion; flying from that which seeks her, seeking that which flies from her, according to the eternal imbroglia of the heart." With these words of Sainte-Beuve we will leave her, in the Bastille. The reader of her book, however, will not leave her there, but will hurry on to the end, tracking out the curious story of her release, of her rejoining the Duchess, of her unromantic marriage. The whole life is one of the oddest ever described, and even for that reason it would be worth while to read its history, even if that history were not so racily told as it is.

THE EVOLUTION OF MORALITY.*

THE hour may come when it will be possible to trace the history of the Evolution of Morality, and the man may appear who can accomplish the task. In the meantime Mr. Staniland Wake has attempted a work too great for his resources and his powers. We do not mean to say that his work is not meritorious. It contains a great deal of information about early rules of conduct and the practices of early races. It might be hard to find a better account of the blood-feud than that which he gives. There are acute speculations to be met with, and the tone of the work, even when disagreeable topics are dealt with, is temperate and reverent. If his book is only a sketch—and, we fear, an inadequate sketch—it is necessary to remember the infinite extent of the subject with which he deals. Whoever would give an account of the evolution of morality must undertake the history of all human relations, and of all the ideas which men have entertained concerning these relations. He must describe the growth of every form of society, from the possible horde to the "totem kin," from that to the various forms of the family, and must thence go on to the tribe and the confederacy, the caste, the city, the nation. With all these complex and infinitely graduated forms of association different shapes of religion are connected, while hundreds of customs and institutions have sprung up, and died, or been transmuted. Yet, when an author has traced the plan of all these labyrinthine convolutions of early society, his task is only beginning, and he finds thousands of fresh human relations to the universe meeting him, each with its effect on the evolution of morality.

The main idea of Mr. Wake seems to be that which is thus expressed. There is but one way of reconciling the "purely humanitarian view as to the origin of morality" (Mr. Spencer's) with "what may be termed the supernatural view of Kant." That way is "to show that what is called morality is the product of the evolution of the divine idea in man under the conditions imposed by his present life, to be perfected only when man's higher being has proved itself victor in the conflict it is ever sustaining with the malign influences of material existence." Perhaps it is a pity to talk of "malign influences." In studying the institutions of savages one is almost awed by the extraordinary and unexpected way in which influences that seem malign are slowly producing the germs of good. Examples enough of the process may be found in the chapters which Mr. Staniland Wake devotes to what he calls "the evolution of the sense of Right." In these chapters (vol. i. pp. 62, 307) he gives a brief natural history of backward races in relation to morality. He starts with the Australians, and touches on Polynesians, Africans, and the American races. One becomes almost confused in the multitude of statements, which are not arranged with much scientific precision. What may be accepted as a brief summary of the results is given in a sketch of the "five chief stages of mental progress" of individuals and races. The Australians represent the selfish stage, the American Indians the wilful stage, the Africans the emotional, the Turanians the empirical, while Europeans are presumed to be rational. All this is very vague, and does not help one to grasp any idea of regular moral progress.

To tell the truth, the mere facts are overwhelming in their number and variety. Mr. Wake seems to have been overpowered by them, and does not always appear to see the real bearings of the things that he has learned as separate pieces of knowledge. This is particularly evident when he writes of the family, the clan, and the tribe. If we are to conceive of morality as being, among other things, a gradual expansion of the sense of right, which sense again arises in a feeling of resentment at infringements of the rights of the individual, it is probable that the family, clan, and tribe represent various stages of expansion. Let it be supposed that primitive men had, like nest-building birds, the instinct of property, an instinct dependent on that of self-preservation (vol. i. p. 302). Let it be granted that the feeling of wrongfulness arose in the individual when his bone dagger or his heap of shell-fish was forcibly taken from him. Possibly he might come to feel that what was wrong when it was done to himself was wrong when it was done by him to others. But it is possible that this sense of wrongdoing was only felt when he molested persons of his own group. Now groups, like more civilized associations, are of various sorts and sizes. In what order then did they occur in the evolution of society? Did the tribe come first, or the single family, or the clan? When Mr. Wake deals with this topic, he seems to us to show a want of command over his materials, a want of clearness and intelligence. Perhaps the same failing is apparent in his natural history of existing races. It is interesting and necessary to know about the sexual morality of Polynesians and Africans, about their notions of veracity, of honesty, and so on. Surely, too, it is needful to have a clear view of the nature of their associations, their *koinonías* in each and every case, and also of their religion or superstition.

Returning to Mr. Wake's account of the various early communities, we find him saying (vol. i. p. 304):—

The primitive tribe is merely a union of separate families, all the rights belonging to which are preserved almost intact. Although the head of the family would doubtless claim all the property possessed by it as his own, yet each separate family of which the tribe came to be composed would have its own independent property. This is only saying that, as each man

* *The Evolution of Morality; being a History of the Development of Moral Culture.* By C. Staniland Wake. London: Tribner & Co 1878.

set up for himself, taking a wife and establishing his own household, he would consider himself entitled to his wife and children and to his slaves when such property was established, with the other effects acquired by his own exertions.

Now there is not a word here which may not be disputed, and the odd thing is that Mr. Wake knows it. In the first place, the word "primitive" has no meaning when applied to the Australians. Mr. Wake says they represent "the very earliest stage of culture of which we have any knowledge." Perhaps they do, but they are far from being "primitive." The Australians have landed property, kinship through males, and many other comparatively civilized institutions. We have seen how Mr. Wake here describes the "primitive" tribe. It is a union of "separate families." Each man has his "own wife" and household, and so on. Now let us look at vol. i. p. 384:—

We have seen that in a primitive condition of society, the clan, representing the family from which it has arisen, is the chief unit of organization. It was the clan which was liable in case of the wrongdoing of any of its individual members, and on which it was incumbent to enforce compensation for any loss or injury its members might sustain. *Of the family from which the clan was derived the most important unit was originally the woman.* Among primitive peoples almost universally a man's children took the family name of their mother, and became members of the clan to which she belonged. Hence the curious facts that the maternal uncle had as much if not more authority over a man's children than he himself had, and that a man's property descended not to his sons but to his nephews. The time arrived, however, when the true relation of a man to his family was recognised, and then, instead of taking the name of their mother and belonging to her clan, children would follow the clan of their father.

Here we have a quite different state of things pointed to in the passage we italicize. The man's true relation to his family was not yet recognized. We might supplement this brief statement by showing that the woman was mistress in the household, that the property and children were hers, that each man had *not* his own wife; but it is superfluous to take the trouble. The facts collected by Eckstein and Bachofen, and neatly arranged by Giraud Teulon (*La Mère chez certains peuples de l'antiquité*. Paris: 1867) are sufficiently well known. Lafitau (*Mœurs des Sauvages Américains*) describes this state of society among the Iroquois early in the eighteenth century. Mr. Wake knows all about it, and yet he defines the primitive tribe as a union of separate families, each man taking a wife and setting up for himself in the most decent modern way. He speaks (vol. i. p. 302) of "the despotic authority exercised by the father over his household," as if that authority were in any sense primitive. On the other hand, even in Lafitau's time in America, "*chez nos sauvages les femmes sont maitresses, et ne sortent pas de chez elles.*" It is unusual, Lafitau adds (vol. i. p. 569), for the woman to enter her husband's cabin, and this is not an isolated fact, but one which was probably universal at a certain stage of society. Keeping these things in mind, one cannot agree with Mr. Wake when he speaks of the clan as "derived from the family" (vol. i. p. 391), if he means the family in the modern sense of the word. On the other hand, the family differentiated itself within the clan. When he writes about the "tribe," he shows, we think, some confusion of thought, which is not unnatural. The tribe has hardly yet been properly investigated; but that does not excuse such a very confused piece of writing as this:—

The system of tithings and hundreds established in England under the Saxon kings was intended to have the same social results in the enlarged tribe, to which the nation answered, as the system of clanship which it replaced had previously had. The tithing was doubtless intended as an imitation of the family and the hundred of the clan, and that they truly represented the earlier organisations, is evident from the fact that the later Christian gilds, which were true brotherhoods in the widest sense of the term, resembled the tithing and the hundred as nearly as the difference of circumstances would allow. Curiously enough an analogous system has had a wide extension among an Asiatic people who can hardly be said to have any other point of resemblance with the early English. The formation of associations for various purposes would seem to be peculiarly fitted for the genius of the Chinese. Why this should be so is not apparent, unless it is due to the establishment among them of the system of clanship. The people are divided into a certain number of families, and persons bearing the same surname are not permitted to intermarry. The Chinese, however, have lost the primitive notion of relationship through the mother and recognise the father as the head of the family.

The Chinese rules of prohibited marriages should find their place in a different part of the discussion; and nothing is explained by their possession of the universal exogamous custom.

While there is still so much room for doubt about facts, about the meaning of customs, about the actual institutions of early societies and the order of their growth, it is surely premature to write about the evolution of morality. For example, we are not at all ready to admit that "Totemism" is "a phase of the curious custom of Tabu," still less that Tabu "has not any distinctly moral element" (vol. i. p. 318). The last word has not been said about either of these institutions; nay, it is not ten years since the first intelligent account of Totemism was prepared by Mr. McLennan. About Tabu it may be briefly hinted that it is an instrument of extraordinary prohibitive force, capable of being used for consciously moral purposes by one of the singular men, gifted with original moral genius, who are occasionally born among savages, as among civilized peoples. These persons, of whom and their "divine nature" Plato often speaks, have perhaps exercised a reformatory power which can hardly be denied by the keenest "evolutionist." Theirs, as Mr. Wake kindly says about the Founder of Christianity, "is no ordinary mind."

We scarcely propose to sketch Mr. Wake's theory of the process by which morality was developed. He is perhaps strongest where he shows how actions which we consider immoral—

adultery, for example—are held by savages only to be wrong when they are committed against proprietary rights. The husband will often barter his wife, or lend her, but he cruelly punishes her if she sins without his permission. To this idea of right a sort of moral element is added by dread of the wrath of the spirits of the dead. "The savage who fears the anger of a spirit on whom he cannot retaliate . . . feels it a duty to do what the spirit is thought to require." But the savage sometimes fancies that he can retaliate, by stinting sacrifices, and perhaps by beating fetishes. Here, at all events, is a kind of supernatural sanction of morality which is destined to have a great future. The maternal instinct is developed, with other elements, into "altruistic sentiment"; the custom of making artificial brotherhoods grows into a crude sort of benevolence beyond the ties of blood. Manliness came in when "the recognition of his true relations to the family acted as a revelation to man." Various ideas about the future life aided the amelioration of conduct. Mr. Wake is particularly copious on the subject of "emanations," and Mithraism, where we cannot criticize him with much confidence. Judging by what he has to say about Greece, we cannot repose confidently on his theories of Buddhism. Mr. Gladstone and M. Havet are not exactly the authorities to whom we turn when we want to know about the Greeks. The moral history of that people has still to be written, and the moral history of all humanity is in far too backward a condition for theories of evolution to be possible. To be satisfactory, these theories should rest throughout on the evidence of original authorities. Mr. Wake modestly says that his book is only a "study," but we fear the subject is too wide and difficult to be treated in the form of an essay.

BENEDICTA.*

THOSE who ask that love knots should be not so much tied as tangled will in this story find all that they can reasonably require. They have an admirable hero in a young artist, Gresham Blake. His eyes were blue, his hair, whiskers, and complexion alike were fair, his beard was short and silky, and he had a habit of stroking it when thinking; he might have stood for a model of David or Apollo, and when he arose from the depths of an easy chair he stretched out his fine limbs like a cat roused from sleep. He was an artist, and a very poor artist. Benedicta, the heroine, a rich heiress, the only daughter of a most benevolent gentleman, Mr. Heathcote, fell in love with him, and was in every way worthy of him. "Her smile," said Gresham's sister Olivia, "reminds me of sunbeams sparkling on granite. We have an attraction for each other, I think. I always find her splendid brown eyes fixed on me in church." A heroine who begins by loving a hero's sister is, as every one will admit, not far off from loving the hero himself. But there were young ladies in the congregation who were more daring than Benedicta, and who ventured, if we follow our author rightly in her scientific metaphor, to look on the hero himself. "His handsome face was the loadstone towards which many a wandering eyebeam gravitated during divine service, when it ought to have been directed heavenwards."

The hero, though the account that we have as yet given of him is but brief, must already have become an object of interest to our readers. Let us picture to ourselves this dangerous youth, like David, Apollo, and a cat, stroking his beard, while around him play smiles like sunbeams sparkling on granite, and wandering eyebeams gravitate towards his handsome face, which is a loadstone. In a strictly scientific point of view it is perhaps somewhat hard to follow the author; but heroes and their biographers are as much above science as kings are above grammar. Everything might have gone on very smoothly, and not only the eyebeams of the heroine, but the heroine herself, might before long have gravitated towards the loadstone, had it not been the case that the loadstone was in its turn suddenly acted on by a still more powerful loadstone. "There is," as the author says, "animal magnetism, and there is spiritual magnetism." Which of these kinds of magnetism governed the eyebeams of the young ladies in church we are not told. The hero, unfortunately, paid a visit to a superb mansion, and in one of its luxurious apartments the eye of Ernestine Leighton fell upon him. He had his back to her; but, by means either of animal magnetism or spiritual magnetism, he knew that something or other had happened to him. "He turned round instinctively, unconscious why he did so. Their eyes met, and the effect was instantaneous." Doubtless the loadstone of his own handsome face bore no small part in this magnetic result. Poor Benedicta was forgotten. "As he looked at Ernestine his whole being gave a throb of gratified delight, for she satisfied his sense and love of the beautiful." Unfortunately Benedicta's father was in love with this same young lady. To him, as much as to Gresham, is "her hair tinged with sunlight and poetry, not auriferous fluid." Neither one nor the other knows anything "of the skill whereby French chalk can etheralize the skin of a vain, ambitious woman." Ernestine, in spite of magnetism both spiritual and animal, accepts the rich lover, and throws over the artist and his loadstone. He, however, for a time knows nothing of this, and is confident of success. Here, then, we already have a very pretty little complication; Benedicta is in love with Gresham, who is in love with Ernestine, who is engaged to Mr. Heathcote, who is the father of Benedicta. But what is that to the complications which

* *Benedicta*. By Mrs. Alfred Phillips. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

are to follow? The story, of course, has its villain; for what love story can do without at least one? He is at first known as a Mr. Lufton, and he passes himself off on society as a very agreeable and innocent gentleman. Yet society was strangely unobservant, for appearances certainly were strikingly against him. His eyes, indeed, were blue, and he wore his hair and whiskers "in military style, which gave him a prepossessing air of what is called 'dash';" but his eyes were small and restless, his hair reddish-brown, his nose long and thin, his mouth wide, and his lips, "as they parted mechanically, displayed a row of obtrusive teeth, standing apart from each other in perceptible gums, which no fall of moustache could hide." No magnetism surely was needed to detect the villain in such a man as that. The colour of the hair, the eyes, the nose, the mouth were in themselves most suspicious; but the display of the teeth, still more the display of the gums, ought to have been more than sufficient to put every one on his or her guard. Unhappily the hero's sister Olivia fell in love with him, and fell in love with him really without excuse, for the clergyman of the town had already fallen in love with her. She was persuaded by the artful villain to run away from home under a promise of marriage, and meet him in London. Happily she there found out that he was already married, and escaped from him a few minutes after she had met him. She took refuge with some Sisters of Mercy, and lived with them for a year or two.

Let us here pause, and survey the state of the lovers and their complications so far as they are known to the reader. We have the Rev. W. Backhouse in love with Olivia, who had run away from home to marry Lufton, who had already a wife. On the other hand, we have Olivia's brother Gresham loved by Benedicta, but himself in love with Ernestine, who was engaged to Benedicta's father. So far we have two separate entanglements. All that is needed is to have the two made only one, but one on a vast scale. This is done in a very ingenious manner. The wicked Lufton is found out to be no other than Mr. Clarence Leighton, Ernestine's long-lost father. Not, indeed, that the loss had been a great one, as he had always been a scoundrel, and had in fact deserted his wife and child. By the time the discovery was made Ernestine had been married to Mr. Heathcote. Our readers will admit that few authors have ever made a more artful entanglement of the knots of love. For let us go through the lovers once more. Mr. Backhouse is in love with Olivia, who is in love with Mr. Lufton, who is really Mr. Leighton, the husband of Mrs. Leighton and the father of Ernestine, who is loved by Gresham, and really loves him, but who marries Mr. Heathcote, who is the father of Benedicta, who is in love with Gresham, who is the brother of Olivia, who is in love with Ernestine's father. The perplexity is, indeed, bewildering; but out of it the author manages to wind her way. The wicked Lufton or Leighton, finding his daughter married to a rich man, had managed, still keeping his disguise, to get himself engaged to his son-in-law as his private secretary. He had also been artful enough to keep secret even from Olivia's family his treacherous attempts upon her. How he had been able to get a young lady to run away; how he had managed to return to her home without ever rousing a suspicion; and how, though he had been an officer in the army, and was therefore pretty well known, he had contrived to live in his daughter's house without the relationship being once suspected, we shall leave untold. Those who delight in the plots of these artful villains who, whenever they smile, show their teeth and their gums, will no doubt have had their curiosity already so much aroused that they will not delay a moment to send for the book itself.

The villain, however, is at last exposed, and makes his exit in a highly creditable manner. He forges his son-in-law's signature to a cheque for a very large sum, and, in spite of a reward of 500*l.* that is offered for his arrest, he escapes to America. Nothing, it would seem, remained for the hero to do but to fall in love with Benedicta, as he had indeed already half fallen before Ernestine had looked at him with a magnetic eye when his back was turned. This, indeed, he does, and does with heroic rapidity. A reconciliation is soon brought about. They meet at a gate; and, when lovers meet at a gate, who can doubt the issue? A gate has been from time immemorial the recognized place for explanations and reconciliations. She put out her hand timidly. "He took it in both his, and for a few brief seconds they were wrapped in the mystery of unity." Nevertheless, there were still difficulties. Gresham, though poor, was proud, and did not wish to be suspected of marrying for money. But Benedicta's father, unlike all the other rich fathers we have ever come across in stories, seemed to be the more anxious to have him for his son-in-law the more needy he found him to be. He took him for a drive in his carriage, and, asking him to forgive his abruptness, said, "In a word, do you care for my girl? Remember, I use the word in its fullest, best, and highest sense." Again he took the cigar from his lips, and looked at Gresham Blake searchingly while waiting for the reply that came slowly, nervously. The scene is an impressive one. We must remember that the hero had the habit of stroking his beard when thinking, and that his beard was short and silky. Opposite him was the father of the lady he was in love with, looking at him searchingly, and adding force to the solemnity of the question he put to him by taking his cigar from his lips. It affords an admirable scene for the artist. Gresham answers that he will not marry till by his work he has made a home for his wife. Mr. Heathcote offers him his assistance, and all looks very hopeful.

The last chapter is close at hand, and the reader begins to think he catches the distant sound of the marriage bells. But the author is cruel:—

Ah! willingly would we here lay down the recording pen, and bid the reader be content with this last sentence, weaving from it in imagination the happiest conclusions. But fate is inexorable. It is swift, sudden, dire; and, as a thief in the night, comes upon us unawares to rob us while we lie in the untroubled sleep of fancied security.

Mr. Heathcote sends Gresham with his wife and Benedicta to France by the Southampton route, and he sends him in the very last chapter, when unmarried heroes travel at their utmost peril. Scarcely had the steamer started when the atmosphere began to behave in a very alarming manner. "The moon was hidden, powerless to resist the titful tyranny of the atmosphere that refused to let her shine, as it built up a heavy mass of clouds between her and earth." The hero and heroine all the while sat on deck very happily, and "heeded not the pall of fog" nor the commotion that was going on around. Things began to look alarming. "The chief officer sent below for the captain. Fog signals were repeated on all sides. The captain came up on deck, and, calling loudly to the man at the wheel, gave the necessary directions to avert the coming danger. . . . The man at the wheel is conscious of something ahead. He is anxious; he listens to the orders of his captain." Such attention as this on the part of the man at the wheel does indeed show how excessive and imminent the danger was. He actually listens to the orders of his captain! There would seem to have been no one on the look-out, for we are told that "he cannot quite make out what the danger is, for all is dark. . . . Still with straining eyes he steers." It was all in vain, for the bowsprit of another vessel "came down upon the steamer with a tremendous crash, cutting into her two lifeboats and perforating a large hole in her side." The hero gets a place for the heroine and Ernestine in a boat, and himself goes down with the ship. He might, we should have thought, just as well and just as easily have been married as drowned. If the author is so fortunate as to see her story get into a second edition, we would venture to recommend that she should slightly modify the conclusion. The hero might make the same display of heroism by refusing to take a place in the overcrowded boat, might go down with the steamer, but might come up and cling to a piece of wreck, till, in a state of utter exhaustion, he was picked up by one of those French luggers which in the stories of old were always so conveniently at hand. He would be taken into a French port, would be delicious for a month, and would return home the day after there had been set up to his memory the tombstone with which the author closes her story. This of course would be taken down and carefully put aside till it should be really needed, while Mr. Heathcote would insist on the immediate marriage of the young couple, and would settle on his daughter the 30,000*l.* which we are told was set apart for her.

WILSON'S RESOURCES OF MODERN COUNTRIES.*

(Second Notice.)

MR. WILSON has naturally much to say about France, for we do a very large trade with France; and it is the opinion of Mr. Wilson, and of many other persons, that, if the French pleased, this large trade might be much larger. France has provisions of different kinds and oil and wine and silk to send us, as well as all the numberless articles of luxury in which French skill and taste still reign supreme. We should be happy to supply France with any amount of cotton or woollen goods, of iron and of coal. That we do not send to France as much as we should like to send her is owing to her tariff, and her tariff is, in a great measure, the consequence of her debt. On the subject of the French debt Mr. Wilson has much to say as to which we find it impossible to agree with him. In the first place, he insists in this instance, as all through his work, on looking at the nominal amount borrowed and not on the annual charge. He is always calculating how much the population owes per head. To him a hundred millions at three per cent. is the same as a hundred millions at five per cent. This seems to us quite a wrong way of looking at the matter. The only point of any importance is, how much of the annual income of the nation goes in payment of the annual charge on the debt; these are the two amounts that have to be compared, and not the population and the capital borrowed. Then, again, Mr. Wilson says that France is financially much stronger than England, because in France there are four million landed proprietors, who are all heavily taxed, and who are at the same time rich enough to hold a large amount of rentes, and who therefore at once pay the taxes and get them back. In England, on the other hand, "a privileged class of landed proprietors, few in number and possessed of enormous privileges, intercept a very heavy percentage of the profits obtained from the cultivation of the soil, or levy from our citizens a tax such as would crush even Paris into insolvency. Call it 'rent,' or any name you like, this is the plain fact." As Mr. Wilson gives us our choice, we will call the sum he refers to the profit on one of many profit-bearing investments. Politically and socially, land may stand in a different position from other channels of investment; but economically it is exactly on a par with others. A landholder no more levies a tax from our citizens by getting in his rents than a brewer levies a tax by being paid for his beer.

* *The Resources of Modern Countries.* By Alexander Johnstone Wilson. London: Longmans & Co. 1878.

Out of the profits or in diminution of the profits on investments, the State both in England and France gets a part. In both countries there are direct taxes, and the direct taxes in France are much the heavier. The small landowners in France are some of the most heavily taxed, perhaps the most heavily taxed, men in the world. Before profits are earned wages have to be paid; and before a small French landholder can talk of profits, he must take account of the worth of his own labour. The owners of investments in England, before receiving profits, pay wages sufficient to allow the labourer not only to live but to spend that enormous amount in liquor and tobacco which yields us the mainstay of our revenue. Apart from questions of protective tariffs, the two great differences between the English and French financial systems are that the French manage to make direct taxation go lower in the social scale than we do, and that taxation, as a whole, falls with them much more heavily on those who refrain from the indulgences that tempt the poor. The objection to the English system is that, if the poor grew suddenly abstemious, the rich would have to pay the whole taxation of the country. In France the poor, if abstemious to the last degree, would still contribute largely to the national revenue. Even as it is, extra taxation, as for the purposes of a war, must fall always exclusively on the rich in England, while in France it is spread over all taxpayers. What we have to counterbalance this in England is that a far larger proportion of our labourers are dependent on trade, and, therefore, although their immunity from obligatory taxation in war time might tempt those living on weekly wages to cry out for war, they may reasonably fear that the crippling of trade would plunge them in distress. But the comparative merits of the two systems have really very little to do with Mr. Wilson's propositions about English landowners. What he really means is, that if the State doomed the holders of one form of investment to spoliation, and selected the landholders for the experiment—if it took the land without compensation, or without adequate compensation, and if the proceeding produced no general feeling of insecurity—the State, while handing over a large part of the booty to the persons it designated as peasant proprietors, might keep a large part for itself in the shape of annual taxation. This is quite true, and it is equally true of breweries or railway shares.

Mr. Wilson is not, however, to be judged by his tirades against the abuses of English administration and the iniquities of English landowners. Nor is he, we may add, to be judged by the general character of the statistics he has collected. His book is for the most part a reprint of articles contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*. And it is not to be expected that month after month any writer should be able to contribute one magazine article after another containing very new and profound information about all countries of the civilized and semicivilized world. For the most part his materials seem hastily collected from very obvious sources, such as Consular Reports, and it was unavoidable that he should have little or no special knowledge of his own. How can any man have special knowledge about Russia and Mexico, France and Japan? The value of his book is in the choice of questions which he selects as those needing an answer. He sees that, in discussing the value to us of the trade of a foreign country—what it is worth directly to us, and what is its power as a competitor—we have to keep our attention fixed on three main points. We have to ask how far is its trade on a sound basis? has it special openings for pushing its trade? how far does protection prevent it from entering into competition? It is not nearly so important to study the extent to which it keeps out our goods by protective tariffs. For, so far as our goods are kept out, this is a fact which lessens our trade, but as to which there is no more to be said. We suffer, and are strong; for we turn away from the trade of any particular country to the trade of the world. Even where there are protective tariffs we sell a little; where there are none, we sell very much. The secret of the wealth of England is that we occupy everywhere such a market as is open to us. Into the primary causes of the facility with which we seek successfully a market everywhere it is unnecessary to enter, for we may suppose them familiar to most Englishmen. But what Mr. Wilson's book gives us is the means, if not of solving, yet of approaching, the two interesting questions, how far special opportunities are enabling other nations to seize on special parts of the universal market, and how far protection is preventing other nations from sharing this market with us. Thus what we find most valuable in what Mr. Wilson writes about France is the general drift of his observations on these heads. France, he urges, has no special outlet except England itself, and we take the products of France with the greatest readiness. Her colonies, her relations with Continental nations, open no special avenues to her of any importance. Protection, too, is telling against her in the market of the world. There are, for example, kinds of wrought-iron in which France beats us, but protection turns away her attention from that in which she excels to that in which she is inferior. We have better things to offer to the world, for she makes badly what we make well, and she does not make what we make although only tolerably well. When it is thus recognized in what direction the value of Mr. Wilson's dissertations is to be looked for, it is unnecessary to go through in detail all he has to say about Italy and Holland, Spain and Portugal, Peru and Mexico. Every now and then, however, it must be owned that Mr. Wilson takes a higher flight. He has original ideas, and suggests with boldness what should be the whole financial future of a nation. As to Belgium especially, after saying that it is a little one-horse State which does something in the way

of trade, but not much, and is not likely to do more, he adds that he sees no real prospect of Belgium thriving in any satisfactory way unless it adopts a great idea which he suggests to it. This is thus stated:—"The best thing that could happen to Belgium, short of political extinction, would be, in my opinion, fiscal autonomy with France on a Free-trade basis." Let us hope that the Belgians will understand what this means. Lord Derby, in the old days before the Conference, once protested, in his bewildered, prudent, painstaking way, that he never could make out what autonomy meant. Perhaps he is enlightened now, or Mr. Wilson may help to enlighten him. The position of the new Bulgaria could not perhaps be better described than by saying that it will be one of political autonomy with Russia.

When Mr. Wilson reaches our own colonies as the subject of discussion he shows himself at his best. All that he writes about Canada, Australia, and New Zealand is very well worth considering, and he appears to write with fuller knowledge and with a much more certain touch, than when he is treating of France or Germany. If his views about some of our colonies are gloomy, if more especially he has dark apprehensions as to the future of Canada, Queensland, and New Zealand, at any rate he gives his reasons for the anxiety he feels, and these reasons are not to be rejected merely because we should like to think that all our colonies are on the high road to prosperity. Mr. Wilson's main thesis is that all our colonies, with the exception of New South Wales and South Australia, have borrowed too much and too fast. Canada he gives up in despair on account of the great physical disadvantages to which it is subjected; so that, even if Canada had been prudent, it still could never have been anything but a wild, dreary, poverty-stricken place. But we may admit that Canadians describe their country in a very different way; and, for the purposes of general discussion, it is better to attend to what Mr. Wilson has to say of all our colonies and of new countries generally. His great point is that in new countries railways are a mistake. This he lays down as true everywhere. He maintains that population ought to create railways, and not railways population. A colony, in his opinion, should retain for long years a homely character—not borrowing, not going ahead, but making just the common roads it needs, and driving its flocks and herds to the coast. Where there is a water-way provided by nature, this should suffice, and railways are then an especially foolish luxury. As regards the colonies, Mr. Wilson's theory about railways must be taken in connexion with this theory about land. He objects altogether to the sale of lands. He thinks that all colonial land should be let at a nominal rent for thirty years, and then the State should impose a land-tax in proportion to the value, with power to review the assessment at the end of each period of thirty years. At present all our colonies offend more or less against these maxims. They make railways far in excess of the immediate wants of the population, and then derive the income needed for the interest on railway loans from the sale of lands. Nor is the money borrowed for railways anything like the total of what the colonies borrow. They start every enterprise with money wholly or partly borrowed from England. Unless, therefore, they thrive with wonderful rapidity, they live under a load of debt which in bad times it is very difficult for them to bear; and Canada has lately experienced how very bad may be the times through which a colony may have to pass. Part of what Mr. Wilson says is undoubtedly true; but we must distinguish between assertions that any particular colony has borrowed too much and assertions that borrowing is altogether wrong in principle. We may say that a colony borrows for railways too largely, or for railways which are altogether a mistake; or we may say with Mr. Wilson that to borrow for any railways unless to connect important centres of population is altogether wrong. We may agree with Mr. Wilson that Canada and New Zealand have borrowed too much; but we may think that it was quite wise and right for them to borrow something. We therefore come back to his main proposition, that the construction of railways in countries very sparsely occupied is necessarily a mistake. Experience has shown that Mr. Wilson is more nearly right than popular opinion would have predicted in the days when it was believed that wealth would spring up wherever a railway was made. The railways, for example, which Russia has recently constructed at so large an expenditure of borrowed capital have done little or nothing as yet to stimulate production. But it is not the less true that in many instances population and wealth have grown up around railways, and that the railways have paid indirectly. There are many places where production can be carried on profitably with a railway, while it can scarcely be carried on at all without a railway. It must be remembered that each colony is bidding against others for immigrants, and a colony can only get immigrants by offering them a good prospect of making money. Without some railways, and without offering some land to be held with all the charms of proprietorship, a colony could not attract settlers or make them industrious and prosperous when it got them. Particular colonies have made too many railways and have squandered their land; but in doing so they have, we think, carried a good and necessary thing to an excess, and not done something altogether wrong and impolitic.

The general conclusion at which Mr. Wilson arrives is that, as yet, our supremacy in trade has not been substantially impaired. "The backward wave which has swept the trade of the world downwards has been due to causes too universal to lead us to suppose that any special decrease in the producing and monopolizing

capacities of England has occurred." The exhaustion produced by over-speculation has been general, if not universal, and when it passes away we shall have, to meet reviving trade, all the advantages given us by our sound system of finance, our geographical position, and our great resources. We shall, as Mr. Wilson observes, be the largest carriers in the world, the largest manufacturers, and the most extensive employers of both labour and money, while the growth of our colonies will continually strengthen our hands, and assure our supremacy in trade. On the other hand, we must take into account that there is a movement towards protection showing itself in many countries; which, if it gains the strength that seems now not beyond its reach, will shut us out from some markets which have hitherto been open to us. Money is no longer poured by England into the lap of foreign nations, and when we no longer inflate their credit, they think that they cannot do better than protect by adverse duties their waning prosperity. It is also to be noticed that we have an increasing competition in the carrying trade to contend with, and even in the Eastern trade—which we used to consider specially our own—Germany and Italy are beginning to run us hard; and it is possible that the successors of the Turks, whoever they may be, may in turn be added to the list. Mr. Wilson goes on to warn us that possibly there may be a further outburst of insolvency on the part of nations with which we trade, and which have as yet kept their heads above water. The return of peace may possibly, as he says, be the beginning of new financial troubles. What will take place in the general sphere of trade in the next few years neither Mr. Wilson, of course, nor any one else, can pretend to predict accurately. But even general remarks and indications of probabilities, and even of possibilities, on such a subject are worth studying; and, with all its defects, Mr. Wilson's book is a valuable contribution to the very scanty literature which the important topic of the prospects of British trade has as yet called forth.

OLD EDINBURGH.*

THERE is a passage in *Les Misérables* where the author pathetically laments the changes which had taken place in the Paris of his youth, and which had made it for the exile a new and unknown city. He heard doubtless of the disappearance of familiar places and the rise of new names, of large spaces cleared by the irrepressible energy of Baron Haussmann, and of improvements like the Trocadero or the Boulevard of Sebastopol, which had become part of the daily life of a Parisian. The volumes now before us appear to have been inspired by a kindred sentiment, though Mr. Wilson, unlike Victor Hugo, has had the advantage of noting the changes as they occurred, instead of being dependent on scraps of information to be picked up in the newspapers. We gather that the author has been sedulously collecting his materials for more than a quarter of a century, and in many respects he is well qualified for his task. He knows Edinburgh thoroughly, and has had intercourse with many of its most eminent men. He has conversed with a certain Mr. Robert Jackson, a kindly old gentleman who died in 1851, and who had "in his own early days seen and conversed with Dr. Johnson." He is well acquainted with the works of Scott; with Scotch ballads and romances; and with local squibs and pasquinades. He has illustrated his narrative with several sketches of wynds and closes, and of dingy old houses in which a century ago men and women of the highest birth and position did not disdain to live. And he was a friend of the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of whom Scott has left us a sketch introduced into Lockhart's Life. We could wish that Mr. Wilson had given us the whole extract, instead of disjointed bits of Scott's excellent portrait. Mr. Sharpe reminded the novelist of Horace Walpole in his love of trifles and antiquities, of the petty gossip of the day, and of obsolete scandal about departed worthies. But his character, as drawn by Mr. Wilson, suggests a cynicism not surpassed by Samuel Rogers, in spite of any testimony to kindness and innate courtesy of heart. We think that Mr. Wilson would have done well to omit some captious remarks of Sharpe's, depreciating Scott's knowledge of antiquity. How can we depend on a critic who thought *Paradise Lost* "a heap of blasphemy and obscenity, with certainly numberless poetical beauties," and who described Scott's romances as containing nothing, and not harmless on account of their "bad English"? He should have remembered what a far greater writer said about the "careless inimitable beauties" of another famous Scotchman's style.

There are decided merits in Mr. Wilson's two volumes, as might have been expected in a work compiled after much assiduous research, regarding a city which foreigners who have seen all Europe have not hesitated to pronounce one of the most striking capitais of the world. But the information is terribly disjointed. Chronological order and geographical sequence are alike despised. The headings to the chapters are fanciful and misleading; some of the facts are communicated in a style which would have been better for being revised by the caustic humour of Mr. Sharpe himself; and occasionally we meet with the phrases of a contributor to some third-rate facetious magazine. Dr. Johnson, at a tea-party in St. James's Court, complained that the waiter took up the sugar in his hands; with Mr. Wilson the hands became "digital sugar-tongs." An enumeration of events

and personages crowded into the year 1517 leads to the profound reflection that "it is a strange world"; and Mr. Wilson has the bad taste to be jocular about Mr. Sharpe's death, and informs us that, when the author's annals reached a second edition, Mr. Sharpe was "himself among the family heirlooms in the old vault at Hoddam." Many old stories reappear in these volumes. Goldsmith's remark to Johnson about his little fishes talking like whales; anecdotes of Boswell's parentage, education, and introduction to his leader; Johnson's refusal of an introduction to David Hume; Madge Wildfire's warning to Robertson at Muschat's Cairn, conveyed to him, at Jim the Rat's suggestion, through the medium of a ballad, where Mr. Wilson forgets the similarity, noticed by the late Mr. Adolphus, to the warning given by Blanche of Devan to Fitzjames; and Montrose's death at the Cross of Edinburgh in May 1650, are instances of our meaning. The volumes, however, deal with so many topics—local, historical, and social—that they may be dipped into with pleasure. Several anecdotes are new, or certainly unfamiliar; and there are subjects which, like the battle of Waterloo or the retreat from Moscow, never ought to weary the reader. In this category is the Porteous mob. Mr. Sharpe is quoted for the opinion that the payment of a guinea over the counter for the halter which hung Porteous was far beyond the means of an ordinary working-man; and this fact lends colour to the idea that persons of rank, disguised as women, took part in and perhaps originated the outbreak. Certainly Horne Tooke, when defending himself before Lord Mansfield just forty years afterwards, maintained in open court that there were people of reputation, credit, and fortune then alive who had been "concerned in the execution of Porteous." We are not sure what Mr. Sharpe, who was fond of sneering at what he called Scott's blunders in costume and chronology, would have said to the late Lord Stanhope's confession of his inability, after Scott, to produce an historical narrative of this celebrated riot which should not be "cold and lifeless." Possibly Mr. Sharpe's denunciation of the practice of "quoting fiction in historical works," as lowering their dignity, may have been directed against the very chapter in Lord Stanhope's second volume in which he more than once quotes the *Heart of Midlothian* as an authority for the Porteous riot.

Not the least interesting of antiquarian discussions will be found in the chapter relative to the removal of the collegiate church known as that of Trinity College, founded by Mary of Gueldres when her husband James II. had been killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh Castle. The thorn tree under which the accident happened used to be shown a few years ago at the Duke of Roxburgh's park of Floors, and it may be there still. The church, greatly to the regret of the Society of Antiquaries, of which Mr. Wilson was Secretary, had to make way for the railway and other improvements in 1848; and the author notes, as a sort of compensation, that a painting, transferred at this very time from Hampton Court to Holyrood, was identified by Mr. David Laing as the altar-piece of the moribund edifice. It contains portraits of James III. and his Queen, Margaret of Denmark, with her son, "the Flodden King," of the foundress in the character of St. Cecilia, and of the first Provost of the Church. It is, moreover, the only known example in existence of a Scottish altar-piece before the Reformation. Equally interesting too is the account of the search made at that time by the antiquaries for the remains of the Royal foundress in the Gueldres Chapel. How an oak coffin was discovered with a female skeleton; how the disinterred relics were minutely described, and then left to rest again in Holyrood Abbey; how the discovery of a second coffin with a new queen lapped in lead produced a difference of opinion amongst the learned, and gave rise to squibs in the press and to popular embellishments of the story; and how the author sticks to the first discovered coffin as that of Mary of Gueldres—all this may be read at length. We are glad to think that before the process of demolition was carried out the stones were numbered, like those of Temple Bar, the walls photographed, and the eastern end of the choir somewhat incongruously tacked on to the back of a new parish church in Jeffrey Street. Similar excavations were made in 1850 on the Castle Hill, and part of the pleasure grounds of Allan Ramsay was invaded to make room for a new reservoir. But the excavators pushed their researches further, and disturbed some of the masonry of the city wall of 1450, which leads the author to a pardonable outburst about "bale-fires" and ancient telegrams, Border peels and strongholds, Stirling Castle and Soutra Edge.

Readers who care little for coins and skeletons may find something to amuse them in notices of the manners and customs of Edinburgh during the last century, although these may not have the interest of Lord Cockburn's memorials or of Dean Ramsay's humorous stories. Allan Ramsay the poet founded a club called the Easy Club early in the eighteenth century. The number was limited to twelve, and each member was expected to assume the name and imitate the characteristics of some Scottish author. So Ramsay became Gawin Douglas. Some lines discovered by Mr. Sharpe about four maidens in the Nether Bow, who drank from twelve o'clock in a May morning till ten at night, may be considered as referring to an exceptional case. But that countesses and other fine ladies occupied single floors or flats in high and ill-built houses in the Old Town, of which the stairs were so narrow that the wearers of hoops had to tilt them; that manners were familiar and simple; that ladies and gentlemen met really to converse with each other and that such meetings abounded in racy anecdotes and shrewd observation; that clever songs were written by poetesses of irre-

* *Reminiscences of Old Edinburgh.* By Daniel Wilson. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 2 vols. 1878.

concilable political principles, sturdy Jacobites and stern Whigs; that several admirable Scottish songs were set to music and exquisitely sung in such coteries; that the Scottish game of golf was played, and even patronized, by a Royal Duke, though Mr. Sharpe chooses to call it a stupid game fit for a stupid person; that rents were moderate, and that in houses twelve and fifteen stories high, presidents and judges, baronets and daughters of peers, lived in close proximity to bailies and citizens—on these and like points there is a good deal to be gleaned in Mr. Wilson's pages. We prefer these anecdotes to legends about St. Triduana, who plucked out her eyes because their lustre excited the passions of a certain Pictish chief. It is satisfactory to think that at the tomb and well of this exemplary damsel numbers of blind people are said to have recovered their sight.

Amongst the anecdotes collected by Mr. Wilson the following strike us as new. After the execution of the Warlock, Major Weir, a man dressed in red plush breeches entered an inn at Haddington, ate a good supper, and then, putting his hand into the pocket of his trousers, remarked, to an observation of the hostess that they were a bonny pair, "Yes, indeed, and a bonny price they cost me. I coft them from the hangman, who took them frae Major Weir." "Awa wi' you an' your breeks," was the reply. "I'll hae nae money from the deil's pockets." And so the supper was not paid for, the joke being that the breeks had nothing to do with the Major at all. The following about David Hume was told to the author by Colonel Ferguson, a friend of Scott's, and, we believe, may not be generally known. The philosopher left his old lodgings in St. James's Court for new and more fashionable quarters in a street which was called after the patron saint of Wales. Hume's housekeeper, who must have shared his scepticism, was indignant at what she thought an insult to philosophy. "What do you think the neer-do-weels hae gane and painted on our house-front?" When the matter was explained Hume merely replied, "Tut, Jenny! is that all? Many a better man than me has been called a saint." Certain ladies of the name of Gray were said to be given to "frolics," but nothing more distinct is recorded than that they found a remedy for everything in gin. One of them, Miss Barbara Gray, fell asleep at her own tea-party, while her guests were talking of the best varnish for furniture, whereat she woke up with "put some gin in it—gin hurts naething." We are accustomed to think our ancestors careless and indifferent to the spread of disease. It seems, however, that in 1567 a very rigorous statute was in force for the prevention of the Plague. Houses were to be cleared, households deported, and the dead buried with all speed; and one Marion Clerk, who had concealed her infection and gone to mass, was condemned to be drowned in the Quarry Holes, on the east side of the Calton; while an unlucky tailor was actually hanged for a similar offence, but, as the rope broke and he fell off the gibbet, and as he was a poor man "with small bairns," he was relieved after his escape on condition of banishment from the town, under pain of death if he returned during "all the days of his life." On the whole, we may fairly say that there is an antiquarian flavour about these volumes which Scotchmen will relish and which Englishmen need not undervalue or despise.

SOUTHALL'S EPOCH OF THE MAMMOTH.*

THE advance of prehistoric archaeology, the latest of the sciences, is not altogether as yet the continuous onward flow which enthusiasts in the study would have it to be. It is more like that of a tidal river—periods of reaction or reflux alternating with the general progressive set of the current onwards. Bound up as it is with the theory of evolution as represented in the main by the views of Mr. Darwin, there is no wonder that the new study is met at times by a certain ebb in popular favour, or even in the acceptance of serious inquirers. None need complain, however, if the ground has to be thus gone over again with increased care and in a more critical spirit, so that the result be to consolidate more thoroughly what has been really gained from the study of the evidences, as well as to put a wholesome check upon tendencies which threaten a dangerous expansion of theory beyond the limits of fact. In this way much good may be done by attempts like that of Mr. Southall in his *Epoch of the Mammoth* to bring to a focus the scattered rays of light which the most recent inquiries have shed upon the chronology of human life, tracing the history of man to the period of its dawn, and seeking to assign to its beginning something like a definite term of years. In the work recently published he urges once more, with the aid of fresh arguments and additional evidences, the views previously advanced in his *Recent Origin of Man*. There can be no inquiry more important to the interests of science, if not to interests still wider and more sacred, or which more requires to be treated in an open, calm, and candid spirit. Unhappily it is not altogether in such a spirit that we find it approached by Mr. Southall, who soon makes it apparent that his object is to enforce a foregone conclusion rather than to conduct a critical and unbiased inquiry. He holds as it were a brief against a certain school of opinion, instead of taking his seat upon the bench of scientific judgment. In his opening chapters he hastens to lay down the conclusion to which he is desirous of leading the reader, and the issue on which he is prepared to stake his cause. If he can but succeed in bringing down

the date of man's origin immensely within the limits assigned to it by geologists and palæontologists in general, there will be no room left for any gradual and slow development of humanity from a low and savage stage, still less for man's emerging from relationship with even lower animal forms. The result will be a verdict for what was till lately the received or orthodox belief, that man appeared abruptly upon earth in the plenitude of his powers, stature, and organization, at a definite moment of time not many thousand years ago:—

If it be true that the first population of Europe came from Central Asia, the men of the European river-gravels and bone-caves are no older than the earliest inhabitants of the Chaldean plain and the table-land of Iran; and if these latter, as well as the Egyptians, appeared in a civilised condition abruptly on the scene some 6,000 or 10,000 years ago, Palæolithic Man, as he is called by writers on pre-historic archaeology, cannot claim any higher antiquity.

And if, again, it be true that man did appear in a civilised condition abruptly on the scene some 6,000 or 10,000 years ago—and there are no traces of such a being prior to this—then, so far as man is concerned, the theory of Mr. Darwin, and all theories of evolution as applied to man, are negatived.

Undismayed by the long array of distinguished names which he acknowledges to be opposed to his view of man's comparatively recent origin, Mr. Southall boldly proclaims the theory of evolution a failure. As for the existence of man during the Miocene or Pliocene age, he may safely speak of the evidences as speculative at the best, no remains of man or of his works having been actually produced from strata of that period. It is with quaternary man at the furthest that he feels called upon to deal. And he seeks to bring down the proofs of man's existence within limits narrow indeed compared with the million years inferred by Mr. Wallace, Professor James Geikie, and Mr. Vivian from the stalagmitic deposits of the Devonshire and other caves, with the 800,000 years originally assigned by Sir C. Lyell, or with the 200,000 to which that eminent geologist was latterly inclined to reduce his figures, and at which Mr. Croll arrives from elaborate calculations of the successive Glacial periods. Mere names carry no weight in matters of science, be they those of Quatrefages, Nilsson, Worsaae, Darwin, Huxley, Lubbock, or "Professor Owen of England," from which designation we may infer that our author "hails," as the saying is, from the other side of the Atlantic. We fail, however, to see him grapple so directly or tenaciously as we could have wished with the evidences of man's existence during or even prior to the last Glacial epoch, i.e. at the time when the ice sheet enveloped Northern Europe as far south as latitude 54°; for the glacial stage still lingers in Switzerland and the Pyrenees, and continues in full sway in Greenland and Labrador. We find no adequate reference made to the implements met with in the till or boulder drift. He is content to set aside many an important issue such as this with the assurance that "physical science has its fashions like metaphysics, that theories are ever changing, and that Darwinism and prehistoric archaeology twenty years from to-day may be both forgotten." A great point with him in opposition to the antiquity of man is the unity of the human race, for which beyond denial a strong case is to be made out, and which, as it stands by itself, must be regarded as the most solid and the best-welded link in his whole chain of argument. But this unity, resting upon the world-wide diffusion of symbols like the pre-Christian cross, the legend of the Deluge, or of a terrestrial paradise, with common habits of interment and domestic usage and similarity of speech—even when pushed to the extreme length which such arguments attain in the hands of enthusiasts like Mr. Southall—is far from compelling the narrow contraction of time within which he would reduce the differences entailed by the disruption of that primary unity. It is true that many arguments brought forward on the side of extreme antiquity have broken down; but what are the few that our author may have disposed of beside the host of facts which the industry of palæontologists and the critical study of language and of race has verified and correlated? The zodiacs of Dendera and Esne may be given up as works of art more than 5,300 years old. The fossil man of Guadalupe may be reduced to the status of a commonplace Carib not many centuries back, in company with the fossil man of Denise buried under the lava of Auvergne, and the human remains found, as at first alleged, under the coral limestone of Florida, but since referred to the recent fresh-water sandstone formation. The cone of the Tinière may be brought down from a date of ten thousand years to less than a third of that amount; and the notches in bones from the Pleistocene beds of the Val d'Arno, said to bear the marks of knives, may be referred to the gnawings of porcupines or of some extinct rodent. But what is this more than to say that because, for instance, not a few palæolithic implements, so called, have been proved to be fictitious, therefore the countless stores which crowd our museums are to be set aside as worthless? In this easy and high-handed manner are the inferences drawn from the innumerable implements met with in the river gravels (sometimes, as our author allows, a hundred feet above the present water level) summarily disposed of. These gravels he admits, whether of higher or lower level, to have been deposited about the close of the Glacial age, and such therefore we may regard the date of man. Within the human period then, at least, the valley of the Somme has been hollowed out, and the Thames brought within its existing narrow limits from the wider range to which its beds of gravel, with bones deeply buried, bear record. With the ordinary explanation of valley erosion, as laid down by Sir C. Lyell and other standard writers upon geology, our author is wholly dissatisfied. Instead thereof he brings in the portentous

* *The Epoch of the Mammoth and the Apparition of Man upon the Earth.* By James C. Southall. A.M. LL.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1878.

hypothesis of a *Palæolithic flood*, induced either by an inflow of the sea, or (as more in conformity with the fact of the gravels being those of fresh water) a "pluvial period" on an immense scale following the Glacial period—in fact, the downpour due to the melting up of the vast ice mass:—

Our own impression is that the flood was at once the result of extraordinary rains, melting snows, and an invasion of the sea. It was the closing storm of the Quaternary Period: there were oscillations of the land, and the river-valleys were filled by their swollen streams. At Menche-court, in the suburbs of Abbeville, in what are designated as the "low-level" gravels, marine shells have been found at a height of about forty feet above the river-level; and in the valley of the Ouse, again, marine shells are found in the gravel on the old Nene, twelve miles from the sea. In fact, in the Fen country of the East of England, remains of the seal, the walrus, and the whale have been found at a distance of nearly fifty miles from the sea—as at Waterbeach, near Cambridge, &c.

That the land at the mouth of the Somme has greatly altered its position in relation to the sea is seen in the fact that at St. Valéry the gravels fringe the coast at an elevation of a hundred feet above the present sea-level. When the gravel was deposited, the sea must have been a hundred feet higher than it is at present (unless we make some abatement for the erosion of the coast by the waves).

What were the impressions made upon the dwellers by the banks of the Ouse or the fens of East Anglia as the sea rose a hundred feet higher than it is now, aggravated as it was by the pluvial rainfall which "overwhelmed the habitations of the contemporaries of the mammoth" (p. 191), we utterly fail to realize. Paroxysmal effects on a scale so gigantic as this have long been removed from the conception of sober geologists of the English school. On continents later known and less thoroughly explored—within whose vast boundaries nature seems to have carried on, or still to carry on, her operations in the stupendous fashion to which the *cañons* of America and valleys like the Yosemite bear witness—phenomena of this kind may seem conceivable enough. And it is upon observations and estimates such as those of Professor Andrews of Chicago, based upon the aspects of nature in the great Far West, that our author rests his representation of the catastrophes of man's early history. It is with limited, settled, old-world countries like England that we for our part have to do. And are we to conceive our quiet little island, within the scanty ten thousand years or so doled out by our author as the "age of the mammoth," raised up some hundreds, if not thousands, of feet (see p. 191)—for Mr. Southall concurs with established geology as to the fact of oscillations to this extent—and swept by pluvial storms till the gravel was piled up a hundred feet in places? Are we to believe that within the same period the British islands were still joined by a broad tract of land to France and Holland, "the waters of the Thames and the Rhine forming a common trunk, discharging itself into the North Sea, and the rivers of our South coast uniting with the Seine and the Somme to run westwards into the Atlantic?" Why, the period since the Roman invasion carries us back to very nearly a fifth of this range of time, and in all these years we find the general level of the Southern coast not disturbed one inch, the apparent local changes being due to erosion of the land by tide and storm, as at Winchelsea and Reculver, or to heaping up of shingle and sand, as at Pevensy and Sandwich. It may do in the new world to quote Humboldt for "Jorullo in Mexico being seen to rise from a level plain, on September 14, 1759, to a height of 1,681 feet" as a proof that "force, no less than time, is an element in geological action." But our dull imaginations have too much in common with the sluggish physical movements of our island home for us to soar to the heights of calculation which seem so easy to Mr. Southall.

It is in dealing with the age of the great extinct mammals that our author shows most conspicuously this tendency to shirk (unconsciously, of course) the difficulties with which the problem is surrounded in Europe. That early man was contemporary—in what is now England, Southern France, and Germany—with the lion, the bear, the hyæna, the gigantic elk, the reindeer, and the mammoth, the conditions under which their bones are found intermingled have long placed beyond reasonable doubt. In the case of the reindeer and the mammoth, the evidence is raised to certainty by the discovery of outlines of those animals etched with rude but highly expressive art upon fragments of bone. Some complaint might be raised by the way on behalf of the mammoth, chosen as he has been to give Mr. Southall's book its title, and perhaps its crowning argument, on the score of the insignificant figure he has been made to cut in the illustrations given in Chapter iv. by the side of the browsing and fighting reindeer from the Thäyngen cavern, Switzerland. The bold and lifelike etchings which form the pride of the Christy Museum deserved a more adequate representation in point of scale and clearness. Early Britain, we have to deplore, seems to have lacked an artist as competent as his contemporary of Southern France to hand down the aspect of this formidable pachyderm. In few parts of Europe, however, Russia excepted, are the strata more rich in bones and tusks of the mammoth; and nowhere, we believe, is an elephant foot to be seen surpassing in size that in the British Museum from the drift-beds of Essex. Fragments abound throughout the Eastern counties, and are dredged up in numbers from the bed of the Thames about Herne Bay. In Siberia, it is well known, mammoth tusks are met with in a profusion which makes them an article of extensive commerce, and retaining a freshness which renders them barely distinguishable from the ivory of to-day. No less abundant and well preserved are the mastodon remains of Ohio and most of the swampy lands of North America. Upon this freshness of material and aspect is based the argument of those who, like Mr.

Southall, would bring the age of the mammoth within comparatively modern limits. The flesh of the rhinoceros (*tichorinus*) found by Pallas in 1772 on the banks of the Wiljai, a tributary of the Lena, was eaten by the naturalist's dogs, as was the carcase of the mammoth obtained thirty years later by Mr. Adams on the Lena further to the north. The eye of a mammoth from the Tas, between the Obi and Yenisei, is to be seen in the Museum of Moscow. Is it credible then, asks Mr. Southall, that the carcasses found in Siberia are 100,000 or 200,000 years old? This, however, it may be said in reply, is not the question here. There are not in Siberia, nor are there in corresponding parts of America, signs of the vast gradual changes in terrestrial condition which mark the southern and western regions of Europe once haunted by the mammoth, as well as by the cave-lion, hyæna, and bear. Within what period did these animals confront man in France and Britain? This is the real point at issue. Within that period Sir C. Lyell, Mr. Wallace, and other men of science have shown wide and vast changes to have taken place in the distribution and level of the land. What is now the estuary of the Thames and Medway must have been dry land, and the chalk has since been worn away between England and France. The epoch of the mammoth is to be measured here by a different scale from that which our author finds so easy of application elsewhere; nor will it suffice to pronounce it "simply impossible" to admit the belief in the antiquity of the reindeer of Thäyngen, or "incredible" that pottery was manufactured in palæolithic caves one or two, or even, according to Mr. Wallace, five hundred thousand years ago. We do not feel ourselves bound to stand up for an antiquity so extreme; but it is a very different thing to compress within a twentieth of that period, or even less, the manifold and varied stages through which human life is shown by so many evidences to have passed prior to the dawn of authentic history. Our author makes a great point of having constructed a picture of prehistoric times "uncoloured by the pencil of fancy." The sketch we have given of his work will enable our readers to judge how far he has made his undertaking good.

PIONEERING IN SOUTH BRAZIL.*

SINCE the victorious termination, seven years ago, of the Brazilian war against Paraguay, the Government of that Empire has been desirous to provide railway communication between its Atlantic coast and the great rivers of Central South America. A party of English and Swedish engineers was employed in surveying a projected line from Curitiba, near the seaport of Paranaguá, which is about four hundred miles south-west of Rio de Janeiro. It was designed to strike one of two rivers, the Tibagy and the Ivahy, which flow inland, taking a north-westerly course, from the interior side of the table-land and Serra, rising not far from the ocean. Both these rivers, after piercing their way through a dense forest and battling with the rocks in many cataracts or rapids, arrive at a junction—the last named immediately, the other by the Paranapanema—with one of the most important main channels of interior navigation. This is the Paraná, which passes betwixt the great Brazilian provinces of San Paulo and Matto Grosso, and subsequently connects them with the abundant waters and extensive lands of Paraguay and La Plata. The intended railroad line, supplemented by steamboats on the rivers, was to have proceeded beyond the Paraná, still in a north-west direction, to the town of Miranda, situated on a tributary of the Paraguay, more than a thousand miles west of Rio. Not a mile of it has actually been made; but the engineers and surveyors, acting under the direction of Captain Palm, who unhappily died of fever, seem to have done much work in the way of accurate exploration. Mr. Bigg-Wither, as the one chiefly occupied with the Ivahy and Tibagy surveys of two alternative lines for the second section of the entire road, went through the most difficult country. So much the better for his readers who sit at home at ease, with this entertaining narrative of wild sylvan life, stirring personal adventures, and observations of nature in its most vigorous aspects.

The prairie and the forest region of South Brazil, divided from each other by the Serrinha, or second inland range of hills, but with a belt of mixed downs and woodlands intervening, seem to present wholly different conditions. We may learn from Mr. Bigg-Wither a good deal more than some emigration agents and land-jobbers or pretended importers of labour have chosen to tell us here in Europe, about the relative worth of certain districts for agricultural settlement. His general remarks, by the way, upon the choice of a profitable situation, with suitable land, for economic success with a limited capital in husbandry, are quite applicable to our own Australian colonies. There have been many cruel disappointments, as we are told, more especially in New South Wales and Queensland, from the neglect of such considerations. It may be received as an axiom that small farming will never pay at a long distance from the market for its produce, unless the farmer is enabled, by having large tracts of free pasture besides his arable land, to keep his own teams of draught or pack animals without much expense. This can only be done, in Brazil for instance, where the prairie land, with a soil not worth ploughing but with plenty of grass for the mules, is frequently intermixed

* *Pioneering in South Brazil: Three Years of Forest and Prairie Life in the Province of Paraná.* By Thomas P. Bigg-Wither, Associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. London: J. Murray.

with the rich forest land. There are no roads whatever, except the merest mule-tracks, in any part of the interior of the province of Paraná; and the rivers nearly all run away from the towns, and away from the sea, affording therefore not the slightest traffic accommodation. Some hundreds of British emigrants have been deceived by false representations, which Mr. Bigg-Wither indignantly exposes, concerning the opportunities presented by that country to settlers with very little money. It is a fine country, no doubt, with a healthy climate on the uplands, and with great probable capacities for pastoral enterprise on a large scale, like that of the early Australian squatters, though we do not hear of sheep having yet been tried. But it is no place for a poor Englishman and his family with a few hundred pounds and a resolution to earn their independent livelihood by rural labour. Indeed there are few such places now left to them in the British colonies. By working for hire, it is true, they can both live well and save money in Australia, which they cannot do at home. In South America, whether in the Portuguese or the Spanish States, the forlorn position of the less intelligent class of our emigrant countrymen is much to be pitied. The subject was officially brought under the notice of Her Majesty's Government some time ago, and a warning in formal terms was issued, which is further justified by the statements Mr. Bigg-Wither puts before us. We refer to his chapter on the Imperial "State Colony" of the Assungui, sixty miles north of Curitiba, and to an appendix in which he comments on the prospectus of "Kittlands," a projected English "private colony" upon the Iguaçu, about the same distance south-west of that town. The ordinary handbooks of travel in Brazil give none of the topographical information required concerning this province, and it is difficult to get a trustworthy map. Mr. Bigg-Wither's testimony as to the want of means of communication is entitled to full credit, being that of an experienced road-maker and traffic manager. He seems also to be justified by the facts in charging the Brazilian Government with gross mismanagement and failure to perform its contract with the emigrants from Europe.

A more agreeable subject of contemplation is offered us by the plentiful anecdotes of natural history, descriptions of forest and river scenery, and stories of hunting and fishing, camping and canoeing, which make up the best half of each volume. If one could endure the manifold plague of insects, a lover of active sport might enjoy himself well on the Ivahy, but not in the rainy summer months, December, January, and February. One of the large beasts of game there is the tapir, many of which, driven by dogs out of the wood, and betaking themselves to the water, become an easy mark for the rifle aimed at them from a waiting canoe. Tapir beef was preferred by the Englishmen to "xarqui," the dried flesh of the ox, which Brazilians are content to eat; but pork and venison could sometimes be procured by the gun, as well as several kinds of birds worth powder and shot. Meanwhile, the use of nets and angling with ground-bait brought abundance of delicious fish. Mr. Bigg-Wither and his colleague, Mr. Curling, seem to have been expert and generally successful in these pursuits, which must have greatly contributed to keep their whole party in good health, and to beguile their toilsome labours. Two other European surveyors or engineers, who began work on the same section of the line with them, were soon disabled by sickness and fatigue, leaving the author and Mr. Curling with a double share of duty. They had first to get a path cut through the dense thicket of bamboos, canes, ferns, thorny shrubs, and creeping plants, the undergrowth and parasitic vegetation, by the chopping knives of a gang of hired "cameradas," with the occasional help of axemen to fell a large tree. With this preliminary opening of the "picada," which was needful all the way from Colonia Theresa to the end of the section, a length of three hundred miles, the task of surveying went on but slowly day by day. It consisted in first making a sketch map, by the aid of compass and aneroid barometer; then laying out and measuring, with theodolite and chain, the lines of the proposed road; afterwards taking the levels, and so on to make a complete plan of the road, using the proper instruments for each special purpose. It must have been difficult work in such a rugged tract of primeval forest land, intersected with numerous gullies and ravines and steep ridges between them. The greatest difficulty, however, was to provide means of carrying the supplies for each camp of surveyors and labourers, at increasing distances from the base of operations. The navigation of the rivers by canoes is obstructed by the formidable cataracts; and Mr. Bigg-Wither's experiences of these, in which he narrowly escaped drowning, will be read with a pleasing thrill of sympathetic terror. His description of the Salto do Ubá, on the Ivahy, is sufficiently exciting. But in the frontispiece to his second volume we have a picture of his canoe manned by five Indian polemen on the Tibagy, about to leap right off the top of a waterfall, and across the hollow space in front of it, to drop on the crest of the wave beyond. To be upset and obliged to swim, in ordinary rapids, would have been no such great matter for him, but for the incumbrance of a gun and powder-belt, and bag of note-books, to be kept dry with care. Some, too, of his Brazilian followers were almost amphibious on the river; one dived after a tapir to the bottom, and there stabbed the beast dead with several wounds from his knife. The species of alligator, called the "jacaré," frequenting the Ivahy, grows only to the size of seven or eight feet long, and seems not to be dangerous to man, but is rather hard to kill. Of land animals, it would appear, the one to be most feared is the jaguar, which Brazilians call the tiger. Our author did not get a fair chance of killing this fierce beast. His dogs got scent of one; his night march was once haunted by the roar of another; and there was a third which almost knocked down his

frail hut in its headlong rush after a fugitive tapir. Another jaguar, entering the travellers' encampment on the Tibagy, was frightened by a shot and bounded against a small tent, knocking it down, and entangling both itself and the terrified servant inside with the canvas folds of the tent. The ocelot, which bears the name of "jacuteria," more than once came into the huts for nocturnal larder robbery, and was punished by the rifle that lay within reach of the master's hammock. Such is the mixture of hard work and rough living with rare sport and exciting adventure which Mr. Bigg-Wither has to narrate.

If this were all, his lot might seem enviable, supposing a man to be in robust health. The gorgeous beauties of a semi-tropical forest, with its strange birds and other lovely creatures to delight the eye, would repay one for a few hardships. "But unfortunately," he says, "there was an undercurrent of great misery, which, to be fully appreciated, must have been felt." This misery, in the summer at least, and in the forest region, is caused by the tormenting attacks of several different kinds of insects. We are made rather intimately acquainted with their nature and habits as we accompany the author in his sylvan abode. There are infinite swarms of mosquitoes; but it is scarcely worth while to mention that well-known pest of life in the wilds. A tiny fly, called "polvora" from being as small and as multitudinous as atoms of dust, passes through the meshes of the finest mosquito-net, then penetrates the hair and beard, and sticks its venomous little proboscis into the skin. The loathsome tick named "carapatto," when disturbed on the leaves or twigs of the underwood in the cutting of a path, swarms up men's trowser-legs, and fastens upon their flesh. It has so firm a bite that, if they pluck it off, its head is left buried deep in their flesh, diffusing a virulent poison of its own. The hairy caterpillar, by day or night equally beautiful, with a luminous phosphorescence in the dark, and with a covering of brilliant hues like delicately formed moss, the ends of which branch into pointed antlers, inflicts with every point of these a very painful sting. A certain species of red ant has considerable powers of tormenting. But one of the worst enemies of mankind, as well as of cattle and dogs, is a big spotted fly, the "botuca," which comes along silently and pricks the body of its victim. It sucks no blood and instils no venom; its minute weapon, instantly withdrawn, leaves no soreness or irritation at the time. The man thus slightly punctured does not rub or scratch himself, but forgets it in another moment. He little knows that he has received the deposit of an egg, which will soon become a wriggling maggot, half an inch long after one week's growth, but capable of growing to an inch and a quarter in length and half an inch in thickness. With five rings of black spikes or bristles round its body, it has a horrid trick of revolving on its own axis, tearing the flesh anew by each of its hourly revolutions. The author saw as many as two hundred of these "bernes" extracted from the body of one wretched dog; mules and oxen and the wild deer suffer likewise from the hideous visitation. Wasps and hornets come as a matter of course. The small black "mirim" is a stinging bee, which crowds every inch of the exposed parts of the body so thickly as to leave no room for the mosquito to alight there. It is therefore rather welcome as a protector, for it only tickles, instead of biting or stinging or dibbling a verminous egg; "but it is impossible to eat luncheon without devouring half a dozen or more." On the other hand, it furnishes a delicious condiment for that meal by its honey, stored in little bags in a hollow tree. The ants, both red and black, find their way into such trees either for the honey or the grubs of this bee. In Mr. Bigg-Wither's opinion, the so-called ant-bear—that queer beast to be seen at our Zoological Gardens, darting a long glutinous whip-like tongue from its toothless hole of a mouth—is really a honey-eater; and its mighty fore-legs, with their tremendous claws, could tear open the side of a decayed tree, as well as the domed mound of the ants' substantially built dwelling. South American insects are not all hostile and hateful; there are some of wondrous loveliness. The nightly display of fire-flies along both banks of the river, forming two walls of flashing brilliant sparks reflected in the placid water along which the canoe softly glided between them, was an exquisitely beautiful sight. Now and then, shooting out from the dark forest and taking its flight across the illuminated river, with a deep roaring sound as it flew through the upper air, came the great fire-beetle, carrying a pair of bright lamps on its shoulders and a phosphorescent light in its tail. The effect of its passage is compared to that of a carriage with a pair of coach-lamps in a country lane on a dark night. The superb moths, too, and the variety of butterflies are very attractive. There is great interest in the curious imitative deceptions of natural structure in the insects resembling leaves or twigs; there is the "praying mantis" in its demure attitude watching to seize a fly; and many another object invites entomological study. But we may well suppose that Mr. Bigg-Wither got more than enough of personal acquaintance with the insect life of that region. The plague of common fleas alone, which his dogs brought into his camp, robbed him of sleep for many successive nights. He took refuge in a solitary hut, built for him at a distance up the river; allowing nobody else to go near it, he used to paddle up there at bedtime, undress and leave his clothes in the canoe, plunge into the water, and thence walk up naked into his dormitory, to be safe from the fleas. It was upon one of these nights that a tapir and a jaguar after it crashed against his frail "rancho" with a terrific uproar, startling the lonely sleeper not a little.

These experiences, and others deserving notice, of the beasts,

birds, fishes, serpents, and insects of the Brazilian forest region—the snakes being dangerous and frequently met with, though Mr. Bigg-Wither escaped their bite—make his book an acceptable one in its way. The human inhabitants, as well those of Portuguese race as of several native Indian tribes, the Caiós, the Corados, and the miserable Botocudos, are not less distinctly brought to our knowledge. Indolence seems to be the most besetting sin of the ordinary Brazilian countryman. The owner of a vast estate, in the mixed pasture and woodland region so favourable to rustic wealth, is content with a paltry return of 200*l.* a year rather than take a little trouble and increase it fivefold. As for the “caboclos,” or class of men with little or no property, they esteem it a degradation to labour for hire in the fields, but each will cultivate a little “roça” of his own. Those employed by Mr. Bigg-Wither and his colleagues in the surveying expedition gave some trouble by striking for higher wages now and then, but there were several good, brave fellows amongst them; Miguel and “Hypolito,” as the name is here spelt, appear to have been true heroes. The frank hospitality, sociability, and dignified courtesy of a Southern nation are found to be in some degree compatible with lazy and dirty habits of life. Brazilian household ways seem not the most refined; but, if one should compare them with those of the same class in Portugal or Spain, in the Neapolitan or Sicilian provinces, the difference perhaps will not be great.

CREIGHTON'S AGE OF ELIZABETH.*

AS its title denotes, Mr. Creighton's present work is a history of the age of Elizabeth, and not merely of the Queen herself, nor even exclusively of her reign. The author has endeavoured to take in as much as possible of the contemporaneous history of foreign countries, and to show that the events of English history form part of “the great wave that echoes round the world.” The increased attention to foreign affairs, the treating of English history as an episode of the great European drama, which characterize this and other recent historical manuals, are symptoms of the progress that broader and more scientific views are making among us. England, in the eyes of modern historians, is only part of a vast system; and, much as we may desire, in the phrase of the vulgar, “to keep ourselves to ourselves,” we have never been able to pursue the line of conduct recommended by Sir Anthony Absolute to his refractory offspring, to “get an atmosphere and a sun of our own.” Mr. Creighton starts with an account of the “religious settlement in Germany,” as a prelude to the history of the Reformation under Edward VI., and the “Catholic reaction” under Mary. So the Reformation movement in France prefaces the history of Mary Stuart in Scotland, and the Revolt of the Netherlands that of the “struggle of Catholicism and Protestantism” under Elizabeth. There is perhaps the danger that in some hands this method may be pushed so far that the insularity of England may be forgotten. When we see a foreign historian coolly class our tight little island among “the Germanic kingdoms,” as if it were no more than Bavaria or Hanover, we feel that it is time to remind the world that after all an Englishman is *sui generis*, and not to be dismissed as a mere variety of the German species. An Englishman, however, is not likely to fall into this error, and Mr. Creighton especially knows the Elizabethan age too well to overlook its intensely national spirit. The ten pages which he gives to a description of “English Life in Elizabeth's Reign,” illustrated by one or two appropriate quotations from Shakespeare, are in the main excellent. We extract the opening sentences:—

The repulse of the Spanish Armada marks the period in Elizabeth's reign when the national spirit rose to its highest point. England, which had long been weighed down by doubts and fears, awoke to a consciousness of its true position. Internal conflicts and differences of opinion ceased to be of importance in face of the great danger which threatened all alike. Englishmen felt, as they had never done before, their community of interests, their real national unity. Hatred of Spain became a deep feeling in the English mind, and when combined with religious zeal and the desire for adventure produced that spirit of restless and reckless daring which so strongly marks the English character at this time. Nowhere is the outcome of awakened national feeling more finely expressed than in the lines which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the dying Gaunt.

The lines are so well known that it is unnecessary to continue the quotation. We may remark that we wish our modern writers would come to some agreement as to the use of “outcome.” We have always taken it to be the newfangled word for “result”; but Mr. Creighton seems to use it where “outburst” or “outpouring” would have done as well or better. It is in this and in passages of a similar kind that Mr. Creighton is strongest. Direct and simple narrative is the weakest point with him, as it is with so many other of our historical writers. In plain words, the book as a whole is dull; and, after all, dullness is a serious fault. A dull book may be “crammed up,” but it will probably fail to leave any abiding impression on the mind. The best bit of narrative in the work is the account of the rout of the Armada, a tale so spirit-stirring that, even if told in the most unimpassioned manner, it cannot but move the heart “more than with a trumpet.” Mr. Creighton, who is always good in passages of comment or explanation, duly points out the fearful risk we ran. Happily for us, Philip's scheme of attack, like that of Napoleon in

later days, though ingenious, was too complicated, and failed to secure that junction between the troops of Parma and the fleet of Medina Sidonia upon which the success of the enterprise depended. What the effect might have been if Philip's plan had really been brought to bear is a doubtful question. One may believe, with Macaulay, that English patriotism and tenacity would have triumphed in the end; but one may also think with him that it is not improbable that “the island would have been the theatre of a war greatly resembling that which Hannibal waged in Italy, and that the invaders would not have been driven out till many cities had been sacked, till many counties had been wasted, and till multitudes of our stout-hearted rustics and artisans had perished in the carnage of days not less terrible than those of Thrasymene and Cannæ.” Mr. Creighton is evidently inclined to take some such gloomy view, perhaps even a gloomier, for he does not express any conviction of ultimate success:—

If the Armada had effected a landing, and had conveyed Alexander of Parma to England, it is impossible to say what would have been the result. Elizabeth's land forces had gathered at Tilbury, under the command of Leicester, to defend London; but they were only raw recruits, ill-fitted to face the veterans of Spain under such a general as Parma. . . . The volunteers at Tilbury were stirred to deep enthusiasm; but it was well that England's fleet saved her from the risk of trusting to Leicester's generalship and the undisciplined valour of recruits.

The great duel between those eternally conflicting elements of religion which are known as Catholicism and Protestantism occupies, of course, the foremost place in Mr. Creighton's picture, where it is treated with singular fairness. The whole of the opening chapter, which deals with the subject of the Reformation, is good and clearly put. On the following passage we have one criticism to offer—that a scholar like Mr. Creighton ought to have kept clear of the growing vulgarity of “did have”:—

It was impossible to advance in other matters until religion had first been dealt with. Everyone who wanted to make any improvement found that he must begin from religion in some shape or another. If he were a scholar, like Erasmus, who wanted to make men wiser, he soon found that the existing condition of religion stood in his way. If he were a politician, like Charles V., he soon found that religious questions were the chief ones which he had to consider in conducting affairs.

Some men were content with the old state of things, either from interested motives, or from real love for that form of worship in which they had been born and bred. Others wished to keep the old system but make a few alterations in it: they believed the government of the Church to be the right one, and to be, moreover, quite necessary, though they thought that it had been carelessly carried on, and needed improvement. Others declared that they could find no authority in Scripture for the existing system of the Church, and wished to change it altogether. Gradually men had to range themselves on one side or the other. Either they thought that in and through the Church only did man have communion with God; or they thought that God would receive any man who faithfully turned to him. This was the broad distinction between the two parties we shall call Catholics and Protestants.

Hence it was that religion naturally became the battle-field of the old and the new state of things.

To the philosophical historian the struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism is of course the chief feature of the age of Elizabeth. But to the ordinary mind the personal element afforded by the contrasting characters of the rival Queens is usually the most interesting part. On the vexed question of Mary of Scotland's guilt or innocence Mr. Creighton wisely gives no decided judgment, though he seems to lean towards the sterner view of the case. Even, he remarks, if we acquit Mary “entirely of the blackest crimes of which she has been accused, she must still be held to have sacrificed strangely the great interests committed to her charge.” His summing-up of the points of likeness and unlikeness between Mary and Elizabeth is good, and brings out the real superiority of the English Queen over her more brilliant and attractive rival:—

Both of them were highly gifted women; both were ambitious and with great plans for the future. Mary was more graceful, more winning, with greater subtlety and quickness. Elizabeth was more imperious, more cautious, with greater foresight and prudence. Both of them were utterly unscrupulous and deceitful, ready to use any instrument in their way, and careless of everything but the success of their plans. But their plans had this difference: Elizabeth was identified in her interests with the nation over which she ruled, and though she might at times be capricious, yet in the end her sense of duty towards her people prevailed over her purely personal desires. She lied, and plotted, and quibbled; but it was to gain, at the least possible cost to her people, some object which was for her people's good. Mary, on the other hand, had no sympathy with the Scottish character; her ends were purely selfish, and her plans were simply laid for the increase of her own greatness. Hence it was that she failed.

In one place it may perhaps be thought that Mr. Creighton shows too much confidence in his power of reading character. “There is no doubt,” he says, “that she” (Elizabeth) “wished to marry Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester”; and, further on, he reiterates his opinion in yet stronger language:—“It is certain that Elizabeth would gladly have married him if she could have done so with prudence, or even with safety.” A thousand generations of philosophers and men of the world have concurred in pronouncing that, of all inscrutable things, the heart of woman is most inscrutable; and yet Mr. Creighton feels “no doubt” in a matter where Elizabeth herself probably had many doubts. We almost think we can hear what would have been the Virgin Queen's comment, could his words have reached her ears. “Sdeath, my lords, shall every scribbling Oxford scholar presume to know our Princely mind better than we do ourselves?” The great Queen is dead, and the Star Chamber is abolished; and Mr. Creighton is therefore safe from any unpleasant personal consequences of his presumption. That

* *The Age of Elizabeth.* By Mandell Creighton, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford. With Maps and Tables. London: Longmans & Co.

Elizabeth had what may be called "a fancy" for Leicester is clear; but it is a considerable step from this to the deliberate and earnest wish to marry him which Mr. Creighton imputes to her. Had she been the man and Leicester the woman, matters would probably have been easily arranged between them; but a queen is under more restraints of decorum than a king. Mr. Creighton is equally confident that he understands all about her feelings with regard to the Duke of Anjou. "No doubt Elizabeth was ready to marry him." We suspect that throughout her reign Elizabeth's intellect, if not her heart, was convinced that by marriage she would lose more than she would gain. She could not have endured that her husband should be despised; she could as little have endured that he should eclipse her, or even occupy an equal place in the public eye. She would have been supposed to have committed herself to the religious and political views of the man she had chosen, and would thus have lost the great advantage she derived from standing in a neutral position. And, above all, she would have ceased to be a prize in the European matrimonial lottery, and could no longer have turned her flirtations to serious political account. However keenly she may, as Mr. Creighton says, have "felt the loneliness of her position," there must have been many moments when the delight of being able to play with and befool her suitors—men upon whom intellectually she must have looked down—compensated for the pain of isolation. We note, by the way, that on the first occasion when Dudley is introduced, the printers have given his name as "Robert Darnley, Earl of Leicester." There is a more serious error in the otherwise excellent chapter on "English Life." Mr. Creighton is giving an account of the rise of the Poor Law system:—

Finally the system of parish relief for the poor was established on the present basis by a statute passed in 1601, which enacted that houses of correction be erected in every county, and provided for the maintenance of the poor by means of a rate.

The provision as to houses of correction was made, not by the famous statute of 1601, which contains nothing on the subject, but by a statute five-and-twenty years earlier—the 18 Eliz. c. 3—which goes under the title of "An Act for the setting of the Poor on Work, and for the avoiding of Idleness." In another passage Mr. Creighton has hardly been sufficiently explanatory. The followers of Ignatius Loyola, he tells us, "called themselves by the military name of Jesuits—the Company of Jesus." Now the name of *Jesuit* has in itself nothing military about it, and without some explanation that the term "Company" was to be taken in its military sense—that they were to be a company of soldiers, whose captain was Christ—the sentence is likely to puzzle young readers.

We must not forget to say a word in praise of the chapter on "The Elizabethan Literature." Mr. Creighton has not only given a good idea of the chief works of the age, but has well brought out how the circumstances of the reign, the new-born consciousness of national power, the rise of the spirit of adventure, gave to the Elizabethan literature its peculiar tone. Indeed the great merit of the book is the way in which the author has grasped the national and English character of Elizabeth's reign. His concluding remarks well sum up the results of the period:—

Freed from the fear of Spain, England began to realize her position as the chief maritime power of Europe; a new spirit began to develop itself amongst the people; the increased sense of individual power found its expression in the grandest outburst of English poetry. The reign of Elizabeth marks the time when England began definitely to assume those features which most distinguish her from other nations at the present day.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.*

LITERARY partnership is an unusual experiment in England, but, looking at it theoretically, one would say it is a thing that ought to succeed if due care is taken to ensure diversity of gifts, together with a certain harmony of method. If, however, one hand is strong and the other weak—if one partner is a careful miniature-painter, true in his details and exact in his drawing, while the other is prone to sketch loosely and to smudge broadly—then we have a difference which does not tend to the perfection of the work; and we have cause to regret the combination which yokes together two unequal forces, whereof the stronger is reduced to the standard of the weaker, and the feebleness of the latter is made more evident by the juxtaposition.

By Celia's Arbour is a book written by unequal hands, and consequently it does not maintain the same literary level throughout. One of the authors is strong in description, minute but never tedious, masculine in outline yet tender in touch; the other is weak, uncertain, verbose, yet sketchy; and to him we should ascribe certain parts of the story—those parts which border on silliness and are eminently unlikely. We should say that most, if not all, of the first volume had been written by the same person—and by him who is the stronger of the two—while almost all the third had been turned over to the feebler. The various descriptions of places are excellently done. We are carried, now to the Queen's Bastion where the sunsets are so grand, now to Victory Row with its odd collections of Japanese ware and wonderful things from all parts of the world adorning the houses of the sailors' wives, its "parrot at the corner house, who affected the ways of one suffering from in-

curable consumption," and others "who swore worse than Gresset's Vert-Vert, and who whistled as beautifully as a boat-swain—and the same airs too"; and we realize it all as vividly as if we saw what is described. The society to be found in these places is excellently pictured. The good old Captain, who is perhaps a little too much of a lay figure, but who is too amiable to be severely criticized; the three young people round whom the story gathers—handsome, brave, determined Leonard, the dreamy, poetical, and unselfish hunchback, Ladislav Pulaski, and sweet Celia Tyrrell, one of the most delicately touched portraits of the whole gallery; and Herr Räumer (this last up to a certain point only) are all true to life and of undeniable literary value. We think, however, that the portraits of Mrs. Pontifex and her long-lipped husband are over-drawn; while those of the Brambler family come too near to Dickens. Those who remember the fugitive Poles of the last great insurrection—how they lodged in the "barn-like structures" allotted to them by our Government, and how they lived "mostly on bread and frugal cabbage soup," with the tennence a day allowed them—will recognize the truthfulness of the picture given in *By Celia's Arbour*; and the persistent melancholy, the undying hatred to Russia, and the unreasoning hopes of national revenge—hopes as unreasoning as the endeavours for a successful revolt of the poor half-mad enthusiast Wassielewski—are as if copied photographically from the brave old soldier whom many still remember in his exile here, and who, while he lived, had the esteem and respectful pity of all who knew him. That Wassielewski was the "Fiddler Ben" to Jack when ashore for a spree was in no wise a contradictory trait. The old Pole wanted money for two things besides his own support—for the maintenance, while still under Mrs. Jeram's care in Victory Row, of the little hunchback Ladislav Pulaski, the son of his murdered master and mistress Roman and Claudia, and for help in the "rising" which was always looked for, worked for, and prayed for, as some look and pray for the millennium. This Wassielewski had but one desire—to make Ladislav, deformed weakling as he was, the young Hannibal to avenge his country. Even when the good old Captain took him and Leonard from the rough ways of Victory Row to bring them up as his own sons in his own house, Wassielewski did not abandon a certain parental overlooking which he had always maintained; and when the lad first entered and then renounced the law, preferring to accept music as his profession instead, Wassielewski had his word, too, to say in the matter, as the faithful retainer whose lien on the young Count was stronger than any other person's:—

Old Wassielewski, who after nearly effacing himself during the school-days was beginning to take a new interest in my proceedings, approved of my giving up the law. That a Pulaski should be a clerk in a lawyer's office was a blot upon the scutcheon; that he should become an actual practising lawyer was an abandonment of everything. When my destiny came to me in the shape of music lessons, he was good enough to signify approval, on the ground that it would do for the short time I should want to work for money. I paid small attention to his parenthetical way of looking at life—all the Poles lived in this kind of parenthesis, waiting for the downfall of Russia, carrying on their little occupations, which lasted them till death allowed their souls to return to Poland, under the belief that it was only for a time. The Captain, however, deserved more respectful attention. He had small admiration for writing in any form; was accustomed to confound the highest works of genius with the commonest quill-driving; quoted an old acquaintance of the ward-room who once wrote a novel, and never held his head up afterwards; "Sad business, Laddy. Half-pay at forty."

As for giving music-lessons, the Captain was perplexed. To play on any instrument whatever seemed to him a waste of a man—at the same time there was no doubt in his own mind that I was only half a man. And when he clearly understood that I did not propose to lead a procession of drunken sailors like poor old Wassielewski, or to play the fiddle at a soldiers' free-and-easy, he gave in.

"Have your own way, Laddy. Jingle the keys and make other people jingle. There's sense in a song like 'The Death of Nelson' or 'Wapping Old Stairs'—and those you never care to play. But have your own way."

Gradually, the Captain came to see some of the advantages of the profession. "You give your le-son, take your money, and go. So much work and so much pay. No obligation on either side. And your time to yourself."

The attempt, however, to induce the boy to head the projected revolt is weak and unlikely; for even Wassielewski must have felt that the grandest historical name would not go very far in a war *à outrance*, when borne by a delicate and deformed lad who could do nothing more manly than make music when he was unhappy, and conquer an unwise love like a virtuous woman.

Herr Räumer is also an unequal bit of work. At the first he is very good, and we feel his individuality; but he wanders off into inanity, and acts as such a man certainly would not have acted. Granting that a man so strong and especially clever as he is represented could have been guilty of the boyish folly of wishing to marry a girl whom he has seen grow up from childhood, and who is young enough to be his granddaughter—granting this divergence from the lines of likelihood, he would not have proved himself generous in his defeat. Such a man would have no weak point in his armour, no power of unselfish enthusiasm or admiration for honesty or any other virtue. Men who devote their lives to the crooked profession of a spy under a despotic Government, and who love their work, get to consider everything as a battle of wits; and a lawyer would be as likely to yield to his opponent out of admiration for his cause, or a soldier to assist the enemy to lay his guns out of admiration for his practice, as Herr Räumer would have been to let George Tyrrell get off scot-free because he had left his head in the lion's mouth when the chance was given him of taking it out.

By Celia's Arbour: a Tale of Portsmouth Town. (Reprinted from the "Graphic.") By Walter Besant and James Rice, Authors of "Ready Money Mortiboy," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1878.

All this third volume is too "sweet" throughout, and out of harmony with the first. It passes from the masculine manner of looking at things to the feminine, and is as loose and unlikely as the first is well-knit and natural. The desire to make all things pleasant, to roar so that the ladies should not be frightened, to be amiable even to criminals, may be a kindly feeling, but is hardly favourable to good workmanship; and the whole episode of the murder and the escape of the convict is simply silly and unworthy of the rest. No soldier, as Leonard was, would have helped the man to escape. True, there was the testimony which he could bring to bear; but before his story was told the instincts of a man who has been disciplined and accustomed to obey the law would have carried it over any feeling of compassion for an escaped prisoner. The man who "turned his impudent face to us as if we were a pair of accomplices" was not an escaped political prisoner whom a man of heart and conscience might be glad to help, but a malefactor, a coarse common criminal, a wild beast let loose to prey on the defenceless; and the part of a good-natured accomplice who would not, as the man said, "split on a pal," was undoubtedly a part which such a man as Leonard would not play. The coroner's inquest is silly, and so is the exultation of John Pontifex at his wife's death. These are crude splashes, not careful paintings, and the whole book loses in consequence. There is a fatal look of "want of copy" about the third volume that tells its own tale; but we are brought up again to the higher levels when we come to the death and testamentary depositions of the brave old Captain; and Celia and Leonard are always as refreshing as the teller of the story—poor Ladislav Pulaski—is interesting. Still the best parts are not the incidents, but the descriptions, such as this of the old church, which is as good as anything in the book:—

The building belonged to the reign of the Third George, and was, externally, a great barn of red brick, set in a courtyard, surrounded by a red brick wall, and with a roof of red tiles. Inside it was a large white-painted edifice, resting on four pillars. There was a great gallery running all round, and, because the church was crowded, a second gallery higher up at the west end contained the organ and choir. The pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's desk, forming between them a giant staircase, stood in the middle of the church; all three were broad and roomy; round the altar-rails sat a school of charity children, who pinched each other during the service. In the aisles were placed, between the pew-doors, little triangular brackets, on each of which sat, in evident discomfort, an aged lady, clad in black. They used to rise, curtsy, and open the doors for the gentle-folk when they came and when they went away. I used to wonder why these ancient dames came to church at all, considering the profound misery of those three-cornered brackets. But I believe there was a dose of some kind for them, and once a month they had the satisfaction of finishing the sacramental wine. The arrangement of the pews was irregular, the better sort among them being square. In those you sat upon high narrow seats of rough baize, with your feet on large hassocks, which made your flesh creep to touch. The square pews were a great stumbling-block to children because they were convenient for making faces at each other, and this often led to subsequent tears. The Tyrrells had a square pew, in which little Celia sat always as demure as a nun. During the Communion Service, while the Epistle and Gospel were read we all faced to the east out of politeness to the clergyman. Social distinctions were observed in getting up and sitting down. Poor people obeyed the summons of the organ promptly; those who had a position to illustrate got up in the Grand style, that is, slowly, and with deliberation. They were well on their feet at about the middle of the second line in the hymn, and they held their hymn-books with an air of condescending criticism, as if there might, after all, be something in the words of the poet. At the close of the hymn they sat down as slowly as they had got up, long after the organ had finished, even some moments after the last of the old ladies in the triangular seats had ended her final squawk. And as they sat down they looked about the church as if to see that everybody was behaving properly. The Captain's pew, a long one, was behind Mr. Tyrrell's. Leonard often tried, but never succeeded in making Celia laugh. Not a single glance of her eye did she permit towards the pew where her two friends sat. Not a single smile when, Sunday after Sunday, the Captain hugged a key out of his pocket when the hymn was given out, and audibly instructed Leonard to "get out the tools," meaning the hymn-books. During the sermon, the seats were so high that there was no one to be seen except the preacher and the clerk; the latter was always asleep. And when we came out, we walked away with much solemnity, the elders discussing the sermon.

Others of which we have spoken before are equally happy; and even where the novel is not strong it is fresh, while, wherever it is not weak, it is extremely vigorous. We are sorry not to be able to give it unqualified praise throughout. Had it all been kept up to the highest point it would have been a remarkable work; as it is, falling short in parts, it fails as a whole, and is only good in fragments; but then these fragments are very good indeed.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE history of Austria* during the first half of the seventeenth century took a most unfortunate turn for Europe, and is full of mortification to patriotic Germans. It almost justifies the suspicion and hatred of the Roman See and the Jesuits which in our more fortunate country sometimes appears perverse and overstrained. Mainly by the agency of the Jesuits, a great work was undone, a prosperous condition of affairs subverted, the development of political liberty and literary culture effectually arrested, and war, famine, and pestilence let loose to prey upon the land for the third part of a century. The good prevented was perhaps even greater than the good destroyed. If Austria had not become the representative of civil and ecclesiastical reaction, she would have long since fulfilled the mission which Russia now arrogates to herself, and Eastern Europe would by this time have

* *Geschichte der Länder und Völker Ost- und Westeuropas*. Von Adam Wolf. Bd. 1. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

worn quite another aspect. This unhappy period is nevertheless fertile in historical interest, and has afforded Herr Adam Wolf material for a most agreeable volume. It is principally made up from the memoirs of personages who have recorded the transactions of their times, but is prefaced by an essay giving a luminous view of the general characteristics of the Roman Catholic reaction. This fatal movement was utterly artificial, with no basis or justification in the tendencies of the age, but wholly manufactured by a priest-ridden Court in its own ill-understood interest. It was undoubtedly consistent, relentless, and thoroughly successful, the Protestant religion being within thirty years almost entirely rooted out of the hereditary Austrian States without effusion of blood, but solely through legal and social pressure. This evidently could not have been accomplished if the Austrian Protestants had possessed the firmness of the French Huguenots, or if they had been properly supported by their brethren in other parts of the Empire. Disunion and servile submissiveness to official authority, evils inveterate in Germany, bore their fruit here as elsewhere. A good idea of the means employed may be derived from Herr Wolf's interesting chapter on the Moravian Anabaptists, a harmless religious body nearly akin to the Mennonites, who, after a long passive resistance, were compelled to quit the country. Another entertaining chapter is the abstract of the memoirs of Slavata, the Bohemian statesman who was thrown out of the window along with Count Martinitz on a memorable day in 1618, but who escaped to become Chancellor of Bohemia, and may pass for a model of the loyalist and bigot of his time. His own account of his and Count Martinitz's misadventure, as translated from the original Bohemian, is remarkable for naïveté and circumstantiality. Other interesting memoirs and diaries abridged in Herr Wolf's volume are those of the Counts Khevenhüller, Catholic and Protestant, of Hans von Kufstein, who belonged to both religions in turn, and of Georg Kirchmaier, the chief authority for the Reformation in the Tyrol. There are also accounts of Archbishop Sittich, who suppressed Protestantism in Salzburg; and of Wolf Pachtelbel, the sturdy Protestant burgher of Eger. A second volume is to follow, which we hope may prove equally valuable.

The term "Hellenism,"* as employed by the eminent historian Droysen, denotes the diffusion of Greek civilization over the classical world. History records no more remarkable or beneficial revolution; but for its accomplishment it was necessary that the genius of the Greek nation should itself be profoundly modified, and, instead of national, become cosmopolitan. In an interesting essay prefixed to his third volume Herr Droysen points out how this change had long been gradually preparing, how the enterprising spirit of Greece had already found the geographical limits of its country too narrow, and how the fabulous conquests of Alexander were but the visible expression of the irresistible national expansiveness. This thought lends charm and moral significance to a narrative which would otherwise produce a depressing effect from its intricacy and apparent want of purpose. In this third volume, at least, which treats of the *Epigoni* or comparatively uninteresting posterity of the *Diadochi*, the really great soldiers and statesmen who immediately succeeded Alexander, striking figures are few and far between, and history is but a chronicle of cruel wars and faithless intrigues which would be excessively wearisome if they were not viewed in the light of a great Providential purpose. In fact, however, no period of history has been more truly important than this, in which the whole world, as far as ancient knowledge extended, was being educated to a virtual unity of language and sentiment. Some remarkable characters it did produce, and the author makes the most of Pyrrhus, Aratus, and Agis. By far the most interesting parts of the volume, however, are those where he appears less as a narrator than as a political philosopher; especially the introductory chapter, where attention is drawn to the decay of the ancient Hellenic spirit, and the substitution, to the loss of Greece, but to the great benefit of the world at large, of a mercantile, manufacturing, and generally utilitarian ideal. The pressure of population had, no doubt, much to do with this. The chapter on the administration and resources of Ptolemaic Egypt is also singularly interesting, and by no means devoid of a bearing upon the problems suggested by the present condition of that country.

Herr Wardi's sketch of the recent history of Servia† is written rather from the politician's than the historian's point of view. It offers a tolerably clear summary of the events which have accompanied the gradual progress of the principality towards independence since the partial break-up of the Ottoman power at the beginning of this century. Turkey, it must be remembered, was then in a far more disorganized condition internally than at present. Every Pasha was more or less independent, and the Sultan's authority seemed likely to become as purely nominal as the Caliph of Bagdad's or the Great Mogul's. The restoration of national unity under such circumstances is a remarkable achievement, whose significance is enhanced from its having been effected wherever, and only wherever, no preponderating Christian population existed to afford a hotbed for foreign intrigue. Servia, where the population is entirely Christian, naturally afforded Russia a most convenient field of action. In advancing her own interests, however, she has not been able to avoid advancing those of her client. Herr Wardi shows how Servia has struggled on bit by bit, now under a despot,

* *Geschichte des Hellenismus*. Von J. G. Droysen. Th. 3. Geschichte der Epigonen. Göttingen: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Serbien in seinen politischen Beziehungen, insbesondere zu Russland*. Ein historischer Essay. Von H. Wardi. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

now in a condition of anarchy, always more or less the cat paw of her unscrupulous neighbours, but still, from the mere force of circumstances, borne along more and more towards the goal of a distinct national existence.

The literal signification of *heyduke**, it appears, is "free as a bird," and the term is applied to that class of robbers in Bulgaria who live independent of all social ties, have no comrades or connexions outside of their own band, and combine brigandage with no other calling. It is easy to comprehend how bandits whose depredations have mainly been perpetrated at the expense of the Turks should in many instances have been promoted to the rank of national heroes. The largest and most interesting part of Herr Rosen's work on these Oriental Fra Diavolos consists of a translation of the autobiography of Panagiotis Hitow, apparently a fair representative specimen of the class, who was born in 1830, and exercised his profession of half robber, half guerilla, until quite a recent date. It abounds with moving accidents and hairbreadth escapes, but what constitutes its chief importance in Herr Rosen's eyes is the evidence it affords of a Pan Slavist propaganda, of which Panagiotis, with many others of his class, became an instrument. Herr Rosen regards the Pan Slavist movement with dread and suspicion, and evidently considers that the virtual encouragement it has recently received in Austria and Germany has been very ill-advised. His volume also contains a very serviceable commentary on the Heyduke's narrative, and numerous translations of popular Bulgarian ballads on the exploits and misfortunes of similar chieftains.

Baron von der Brüggens's sketch of the causes and the process of the dissolution of Poland† is a very interesting, but from the nature of the subject a very melancholy, book. The reasons of the decomposition of the Polish body politic lie on the surface; little remains to be performed in the way of investigation, but it is still possible to bring them more within the range of general appreciation by depicting them in lively colours. With others who have speculated upon the subject, Baron von der Brüggens assigns the first place to the monstrous constitution of the aristocracy, and the want of a middle class. The nation was split into two sections; the one having unrestrained privileges and no duties, the other unbounded obligations and no rights. Unity of national feeling under such circumstances was an impossibility, and the tardy efforts of Polish statesmen to remedy the evil were easily frustrated by their covetous neighbours. Baron Brüggens's book contains graphic pictures of the principal Polish magnates, representatives of the various phases of national life and politics in the latter half of the eighteenth century; of the last Polish Diets and the Constitution of 1791, and of the varied picture presented by Warsaw society in the last days of Polish independence. Other interesting chapters treat of the administrative organization of the Polish kingdom, and of the academical and other provision for public instruction. No other country in Europe has been so thoroughly subjugated and ruthlessly manipulated by the Jesuits, and nowhere else are the fruits of intolerance and intellectual bondage more plainly visible.

Another unfortunate country, whose circumstances present many analogies to those of Poland, is the theme of an essay by Herr Vambéry.‡ While, however, Baron Brüggens can only dwell on the past, the Hungarian writer looks to the future, and promises great things from Midhat Pasha's experiment in constitutional government. The experience of Poland is a sufficient proof that this undertaking will never be allowed to succeed if Russia obtains the predominating influence at Constantinople which the recent treaty is designed to secure to her. The last word, however, has not yet been spoken; and, whatever may be the prospect of the Turkish Parliament meeting again, it cannot be doubted that, if it ever does, the members will be found to take their mission seriously, and utterly to disclaim the part of mere puppets, which perhaps they may originally have been intended to perform.

Tertullian § is one of the most interesting among ancient writers; for this, among other reasons, that he is so exceedingly modern. He affords the first conspicuous instance of a Puritan type which since his day has prevailed intermittently in the civilized world, and never been wholly wanting at any time. He has found a cordial admirer, but at the same time an impartial judge, in Herr Hauck, whose analysis of his writings is characterized by a just appreciation alike of his strength and weakness. Perhaps their greatest merit is their intense vitality. Other Fathers belong to the past. Tertullian might be living and writing at this day. His vehement appeals and passionate denunciations seem as real as though the persecutions against which he protests were actually taking place. This intensity, to which he owes his fame, is still, as Herr Hauck points out, an indication of narrowness and lack of balanced judgment. As an assailant of heathenism he was incomparable; but in dealing with Church organization he was instinctively impelled to the least worthy and most fanatical side of every question. He severed himself from the general current of opinion, became too narrow even for his own faction,

and ultimately took refuge in a conventicle of his own making. His writings are grouped by Herr Hauck according to their subjects, and their general connexion and unity of feeling are very clearly brought out.

An anonymous opponent of vivisection*, whose diction and general cast of thought are distinguished by moderation and judicial calmness, examines the question from the point of view both of abstract right and of utility to mankind. As regards the latter head, he determines that toxicological experiments may frequently be serviceable, but that surgical ones are more likely to mislead the practitioner than to assist his judgment. The most eminent vivisectioners, he affirms, are as a rule exceedingly weak in diagnosis. Even this qualified recognition of the possible utility of the practice might, one would have thought, have withheld him from his ultimate conclusion that, if not absolutely prohibited, as he would prefer, it should not be regulated at all.

The second part of S. A. Byk's† history of the pre-Socratic schools of Greek philosophy is devoted to those thinkers who regarded the universe as the development of a single principle. In this group are included Xenophanes and the Eleatic school, Democritus, Heraclitus, and the elder Sophists.

Dr. Pfeiderer ‡ compares the primitive conception of the Golden Age as a paradise lying in the remote past, only recoverable by a divine interposition, with the modern ideal of a perfect social state to be attained by the development of existing institutions. He then inquires how far such anticipations are justified by the existing condition of society, and pronounces the present age to constitute one of the most critical epochs in the history of civilization.

Professor Weiss § is a moderate Evangelical theologian of Rothe's school. In his essay on "the Christian ideal of the good and its modern contrasts" he seems more successful in bringing out the former division of his subject than the latter. We seem to understand, at least, in what Professor Weiss considers the New Testament ideal of perfection to consist, but are not quite so certain in what respects it differs from the ideals of the modern world.

Dr. Freytag's sketch of the mythology of the North American Indians || is professedly at second-hand, and his materials are obviously very defective. He is, for example, unacquainted with Bancroft's great work on the Indians of the Pacific coast. He promises to return to the subject, and may probably accomplish something with more ample resources, and less partiality for Biblical analogies.

The Munich Library¶ contains a curious old Latin play on the subject of Anti-christ, brought from Tegernsee, where it was probably composed. This production, little more than six hundred lines long, and of the very slenderest degree of poetical merit, is the theme of a volume of nearly two hundred and fifty pages by Dr. von Zeschwitz, who finds in it remarkable illustrations of the mediæval belief that the German Emperors represented the Roman Empire, and in this capacity were entitled to co-ordinate jurisdiction with the Pope. His notes on the Byzantine sources of this idea are interesting and erudite. The play is referred to the year 1188; its authorship is uncertain.

Rudolf Gottschall's ** writings are always worth reading. The author's clear-headedness and practical good sense afford a sufficient guarantee against the feebleness or extravagance incident to most German novelists who go beyond the limits of a single volume, while his literary practice and dexterity ensure the effective presentment of whatever he has to say. "Withered Leaves" is a highly effective novel, not distinguished by any deep insight into life nor animated by any lofty purpose, but cleverly constructed, full of varied incident, excellently written, and indicating the accomplished literary craftsman on every page.

Otto Roquette's novel is the only light contribution to the *Rundschau* ††, which certainly needs enlivening. Herr L. Bamberg's article on the present aspect of Socialism in Germany may be weighty and seasonable; it certainly is not cheerful. While admitting that the Socialist deputies in the German Parliament are few, he shows that a gain of from three to four hundred thousand votes would place them, if combining with the Ultramontane and other anti-national fractions, in a positive numerical majority among the electors, if not in the Chamber itself. He criticizes the academical Socialists, and describes the recent railway strike in America. The best remedy would be a revival of industry, the prospects of which are scrutinized in a somewhat desponding spirit in another essay by F. von Neumann-Spallart. In a paper on the art of getting up books, Herr Bruno Bucher protests against the retention of the

* *Die Vivisection, ihr wissenschaftlicher Werth und ihre ethische Berechtigung.* Von Iarpos. Leipzig: Barth. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die vorsokratische Philosophie der Griechen in ihrer organischen Gliederung.* Von S. A. Byk. Th. 2. Leipzig: Schäfer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Idee eines goldenen Zeitalters.* Von E. Pfeiderer. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die christliche Idee des Guten und ihre moderne Gegensatz.* Von H. Weiss. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Zur Mythologie der nordamerikanischen Indianer.* Von Dr. L. Freytag. Bielefeld: Gölke. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Vom Römischen Kaiserthum deutscher Nation. Ein mittelalterliches Drama, Nebst Untersuchungen.* Von G. von Zeschwitz. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Welche Blätter.* Roman von Rudolf Gottschall. 3 Bde. Treves: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. iv. Hft. 6. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

* *Die Balkan-Haiduken. Ein Beitrag zur innern Geschichte des Slaventhums.* Von Georg Rosen. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Polens Auflösung. Kulturgeschichtliche Skizzen aus den letzten Jahrzehnten der Polnischen Selbständigkeit.* Von Freiherrn Ernst von der Brüggens. Leipzig: Veit. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Ueber die Reformfähigkeit der Türkei.* Von H. Vambéry. Budapest: Kilian. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Tertullian's Leben und Schriften.* Von Albert Hauck. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Williams & Norgate.

Gothic character. His remonstrances derive point from being themselves conveyed in the offending type. Herr A. Cohn publishes some new letters of Schillers, of no very extraordinary interest.

*North and South** has a pleasing novelette by F. Uhl; some excellent translations by Freiligrath from Herrick and the American poet Aldrich; a review of the earlier period of the Italian Renaissance by W. Lübke, and a sketch of the popular German caricaturist, W. Busch.

The most interesting contribution to the *Russian Review*† is a notice of Catharine II.'s correspondence with Frederick the Great, which seems, however, to be rather distinguished by *esprit* than by political significance. Some notes are added on Catharine's relations with Gustavus III., and other features of her reign and character. There is an interesting account of the basin of the river Obi, a region stated to abound with natural wealth. The inhabitants, nevertheless, are represented as impoverished and oppressed.

* *Nord und Süd. Eine deutsche Monatschrift.* Herausgegeben von Paul Lindau. Bd. iv. Hft. 2. Berlin: Stilke. London: Nutt.

† *Russische Revue. Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands.* Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. vii. Hft. 1. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Trübner.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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PROFESSOR BREWER, of King's College, London.—TESTIMONIAL on his RESIGNATION. At a Meeting held in King's College, on November 8, 1877, it was resolved unanimously:—
"That a Testimonial be raised to Professor Brewer, in recognition of his long and eminent services to the College."

"That the Testimonial shall consist (1) of some offering to Professor Brewer, and (2) of some Memorial which shall permanently connect his name with the College.
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POWIS EXHIBITIONS.—ONE EXHIBITION, of the value of £100 a year, tenable at any College or Hall at either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, is intended to be filled up after an examination of the candidates, which will take place at Birmingham, on Tuesday, September 24, and the following day, before the Rev. LEWELLYN THOMAS, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford, and J. H. FREEZE, Esq., M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge.

Candidates are requested to send their names, addresses, and certificates of baptism, with testimonials of conduct and character, on or before August 1, to CHARLES SHAW, Esq., 2 Essex Court, Temple, London, E.C. Candidates must be Members of the Church of England, natives of Wales, or of one of the four Welsh Dioceses, under Twenty years of age upon October 10 next, acquainted with the Welsh language, and intending to become candidates for Holy Orders.

The Candidates will be examined in Welsh Reading, Composition, and Speaking; the Gospel according to St. Mark and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek; the Eleventh and Twelfth Books of the Iliad; the Sixth Book of Thucydides; the Ninth Book of the Æneid; Xenophon's Anabasis; Cicero de Officiis; and Latin Prose Composition. Those who fail in Welsh will not be further examined.

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March 1878.

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The business of this Association will comprise all the departments of existing Associations, such as Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Haberdashery, &c. and one of its special features will be the extension of its business to branches not yet undertaken, and with this object there will be arrangements for furnishing a house throughout with every requisite, both of British and Foreign Manufacture.

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Every Shareholder and Ticket Holder, to save the trouble and expense of sending money through the Post, will be able to open a Deposit Order Account at the Stores, and purchases made from time to time will be debited thereto. The balance at credit can be withdrawn in cash at any time by giving three days' notice. These accounts will not bear interest.

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The Board of Directors of the Association, being composed of gentlemen of experience ensures that all purchases will be made most advantageously, and with sound judgment; and it is intended that the assortment will be such as will embrace all the principal requirements of a family, while every possible care will be taken, in the appointment of a thoroughly efficient staff, for the proper conduct of the business, over whom a strict supervision will be exercised to ensure civility and attention.

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